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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



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VOLXIV · AUGUST · 1893 · No 10

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IN THIS NUMBER.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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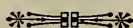
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THE

Contributor Magazine

1893-4. Volume Fifteen. 1893-4.



We take great pleasure in promising those who favor us with their kind patronage for

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The following special features. The writers of these articles are so well known as to assure us of the excellence of their productions.

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THE ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS,

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One of Zion's ablest teachers and writers, **ELDER N. L. NELSON**, of the B. Y. Academy, will prepare a series of articles on the subject of

PREACHING and PREACHING,

In which this very important subject will be discussed in a manner to impart valuable instruction to all public speakers.

PROF. WILLARD DONE (LAERTES), of the Salt Lake L. D. S. College, has kindly consented to write a historical romance, entitled,

LA GIRONDE:

A Story of the French Revolution,

Which will afford interest and instruction to all our readers.

PROF. W. J. KERR, of the Utah University, has made a special trip to Cornell College to gather data for a series of articles on

MATHEMATICAL SCIENCE,

IN FIVE OR SIX PAPERS.

I. and II. OUTLINE OF MATHEMATICAL SCIENCE. (a) Origin and nature of mathematical science, viewed as a whole.

(b.) Fundamental divisions of the science, with something of the origin, nature, development, logical relation, and comparative value of the various branches.

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IV. UTILITY OF MATHEMATICS IN THE INVESTIGATION OF NATURE.—(1) Geography; (2) Physics; (3) Astronomy; (4) Chemistry.

V. UTILITY OF MATHEMATICS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ARTS.—(1) Surveying; (2) Architecture; (3) Fortification; (4) Navigation; (5) Railroad and Mining Engineering; (6) Aqueducts; (7) Mechanical Engineering: Machines, Instruments, Inventions.

Articles I, II, IV, and V will be illustrated.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY MISCELLANIES,

By HON. FRANK J. CANNON, consisting of a series of articles from the pen of this brilliant young journalist, which will be a source of great information to our readers.

SCIENCE AND MORMONISM,

Will be the title to a series of papers by PROF. GEORGE F. PHILLIPS, the able instructor in our Church School System, in which he will show the harmony of Science with the religion of the Latter-day Saints.

An Art Student's Experience and Observations in Paris,

Will be the title of a series of articles by our own artist, JOHN HAFEN, who will narrate from what he saw and heard in the French metropolis much that will prove of great value to the youth.

DR. M. H. HARDY, whose efficient and almost constant labors in the Associations enable him to judge of their necessities and make wise suggestions, will contribute a number of VALUABLE PAPERS on subjects connected with the M. I. A. work.

M. I. A. PRACTICAL WORK,

Will be the title to articles by PROF. GEO. H. BRIMHALL, than whom no person among us is more able to prepare valuable matter.

ALL MATTERS of interest pertaining either to the local or general MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS will find place in our columns, and in order to make this department one of general profit, we solicit information on all matters which will be of interest to our young people.

RAMBLINGS AROUND THE WORLD,

By G. H. SNELL, will be continued for the interest and instruction of our readers.

SISTER M. M. JOHNSON, who has written under the *nom de plume* of RUBY LAMONT, will provide some valuable

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SUSA YOUNG GATES, JOSEPHINE SPENCER and other able writers from among our sisters.

Also many articles will appear from our gifted authors upon almost every interesting subject, while space will be given to the productions of those who are but amateurs in literary work, but whose talents will yet shine in the midst of Zion.

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4. Writing to be done only on one side of the paper.
5. All articles are to be signed with a *nom de plume*, and to be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real name and address of the author, with the *nom de plume* written on the outside of the envelope.
6. The Christmas and New Year's Stories are to be in the possession of THE CONTRIBUTOR COMPANY on or before November 15th, 1893; the Washington's Birthday Stories not later than January 15th, 1894; and the Fourth and Twenty-fourth of July Stories not later than June 1st, 1894.

Three non-partisan judges, who are not competitors, will be selected to pass judgment upon the articles, and as soon as their decision is reached, checks will be issued to the successful authors.

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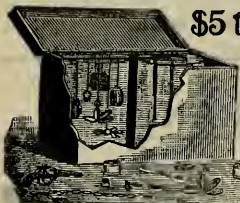
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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XIV.

AUGUST, 1893.

No. 10.

COLUMBIANA.

SCENIC SPLENDORS OF THE WHITE CITY.

IN attempting to give a description of the wonders of the Exposition one is hampered, not from the lack of material upon which to draw but from the very multiplicity of treasures comprised in its list, for these are so varied and numerous, that one is confused in the effort to make a tangible and methodical description or account, such as will give one a realistic idea of the vast whole of the Exposition now set forth in the Fair grounds at Jackson Park.

In attempting to do so it is best perhaps not to commence with the great buildings and their magnificent collection of exhibits, but to give first an idea of the varied and wondrous scenes spread out in the enclosure set aside for the Fair, for there is nothing more interesting and beautiful connected with the entire Exposition than the landscape effects, produced by the beautiful lagoons and canals that wind through the streets of the new White City—as the Exposition Park is called, and the grouping of the magnificent buildings erected on their shores.

Instead of starting with the entrance near the Transportation building and Grand Basin, which is considered the chief gateway of the Fair, our first entrance was made at the last gate on the north side, which is the nearest to the city.

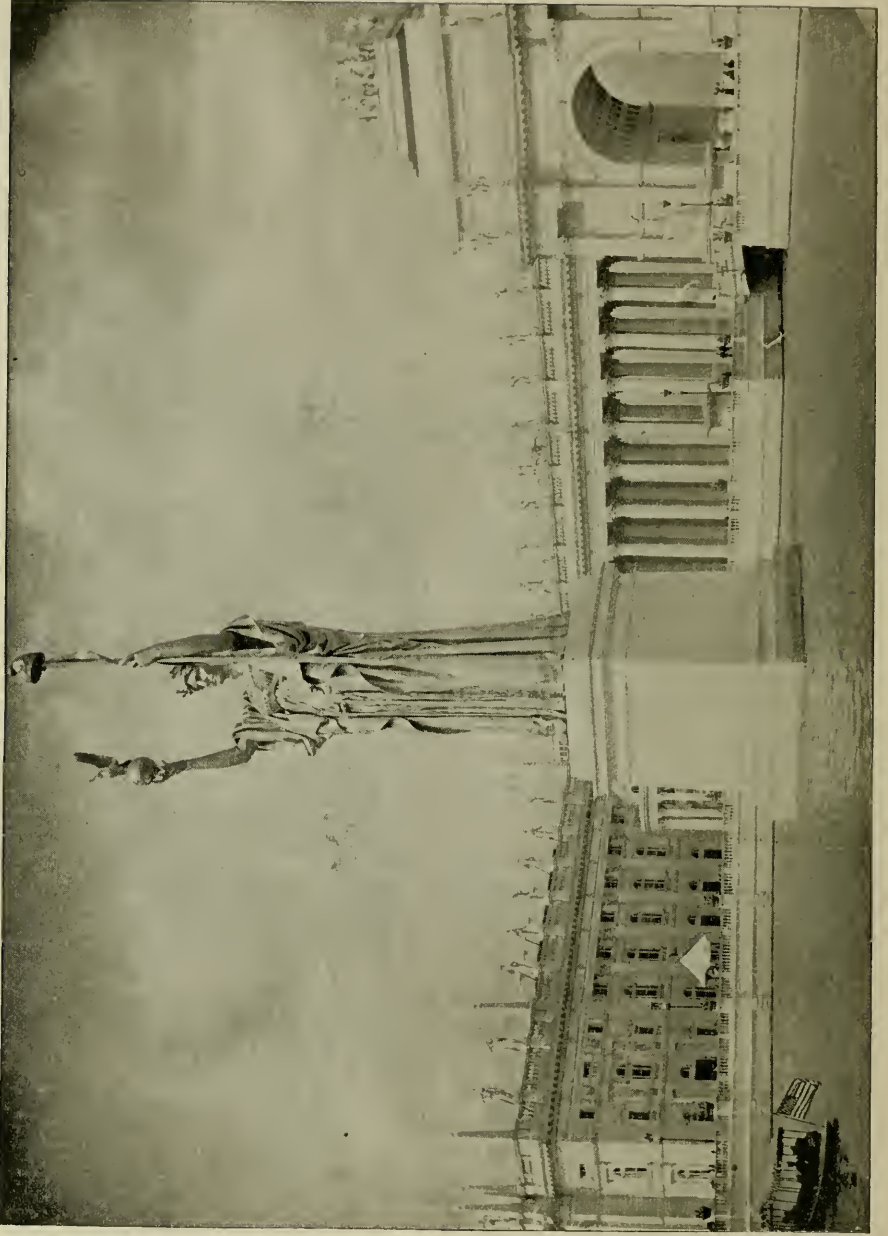
It is on the north side of the grounds that the most of the State buildings are located, and as we turned down a broad avenue to the left, on our way to the Utah Building, which was our chief point of interest at first, we noted on either side a succession of buildings, some plain and distinctly home-like in appearance, others ornate or of a classical style of ar-

chitecture, each bearing the name of the respective State or Territory which it represented, and each with a score of visitors going in or coming out of the doors representing individuals native to the place of the separate States, and who like ourselves were paying a first visit to the building which stood for the interests of the home place.

The Territories and new States occupy a position in the northern limits of the grounds. Idaho, North and South Dakota, Montana and Utah standing parallel on the outside line, while Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma have one building representing the three together, which stands opposite South Dakota to the right. Our own building or domain is easily recognized by the familiar Eagle Gate, a miniature model of which stands at the entrance to the grounds. The building is distinctly classic in design and tasteful in decoration, and considering the amount expended on it, makes one of the handsomest of the State buildings on the grounds.

Following the avenue around to the east we come to the lake front, on which are situated the buildings of foreign nations, France, Germany, Spain, etc., each with structures representing some classic or national idea, the French being in the design of a Greek Temple, the German combining a model of a Cathedral tower and court house, the tower being filled with a chime of bells, which upon important occasions ring out on the air, their sweet echoes filling the entire Fair grounds.

At the further end of the paved promenade which edges the lake shore we



THE PERISTYLE AND GOLDEN STATUE OF LIBERTY.

come upon the Casino, Music Hall and Peristyle, which face the great landing pier of the Exposition.

These three buildings are joined together and have a frontage on the lake of eight hundred and thirty feet.

The Peristyle is the central structure, connecting the two others, and is five hundred feet long and is supported by twelve columns. The crowning feature of the Peristyle is a great arch, making a superb gateway or entrance from the lake to the Grand Basin, inside the grounds, which is the chief, or head of the system of lagoons and canals which wind at intervals throughout the entire space of the Fair grounds. The scene surrounding and comprising the Grand Basin, is so beautiful as in reality to defy description.

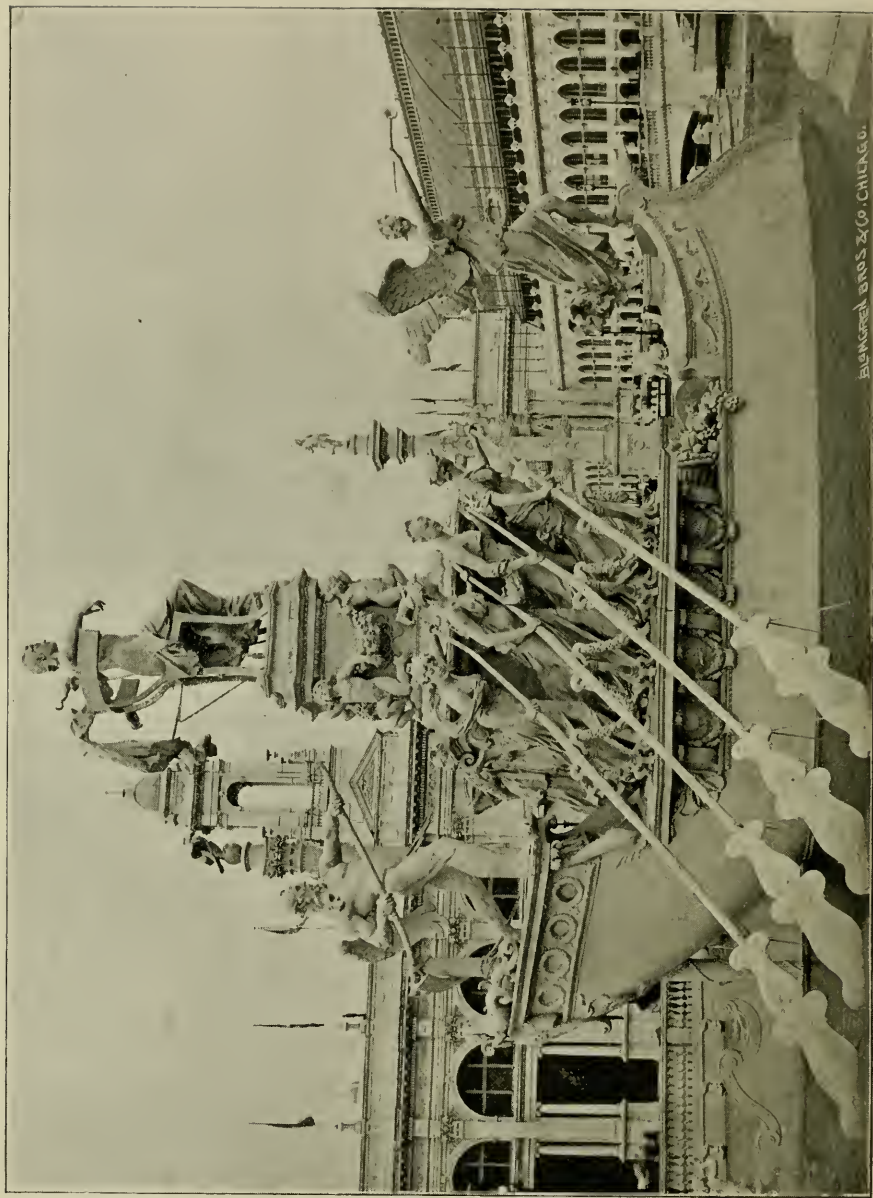
The Basin itself is a blue stretch of water occupying about one of our blocks in length, and full half that in width, and is set trimly in squares and even banks of white stone. At the upper end near the lake is the Peristyle with its magnificent group of statuary, and the colossal golden statue of Liberty standing in front of it. On either side are two magnificent structures, the Liberal Arts and Agricultural buildings extending parallel with the entire length of the lagoon, and at the further end is the Administration building, whose majestic proportions and lofty and gilded dome make it an appropriate finish for the beautiful scene comprised in the enclosure of this grand court. Chief of the many features of the picture enclosed in this magnificent framework of stately buildings and grouped statuary, is the beautiful Columbian Fountain, designed by the talented young sculptor, MacMonnies, and whose architectural and sculptural beauty is the chief glory of the Exposition.

The principal idea of the fountain is that of the Apotheosis of modern liberty and represents Columbia enthroned in a triumphal barge with Time as a guide, and Fame as trumpeter. The barge is rowed by eight figures, representing the different arts, Painting, Music, Sculpture and Poetry, being arranged on one side,

and Science, Commerce, Agriculture, and Industry on the other. Eight white sea horses precede the barge, and are mounted by eight young men as cut-riders representing modern commerce. The water which supplies the fountain proceeds from a circle of dolphins in the rear, and also a system of jets which surrounds the entire fountain. The sight of this magnificent group of white figures, heading the lagoon, with jets of water rising high into the air and flowing in a stream over the broad steps which lead down to the waters of the lagoon, is something whose beauty can hardly be described.

Leading away from the grand court and basin are splendid avenues lined with stately palaces, in some cases by groups of statuary, constructed of gleaming white material, the whole resembling marble, and whose lofty mass outlined against the blue sky is almost startling in their striking beauty. The Transportation building, which is one of the most splendid upon the grounds, presents a striking contrast to the other with its dark red and green front, making a solid and massive appearance which is distinctly imposing and impressive in effect. The Fisheries building is also in contrast, being finished in dark brown shades, and its numerous quaint gables and towers have an extremely picturesque effect.

Besides these, which may properly be termed Government buildings, since the people of each nation are represented beneath their roofs, are also a number of the separate foreign buildings, whose unique and sometimes quaint designs of architecture make a striking feature of the World's Fair landscape. Principal among these are the Turkish and East Indian buildings, the former being constructed in the design of a mosque, with Oriental groupings of minarets and towers, and the latter as a Mohammedan temple, gilded to represent solid gold, and with the important native elephant and peacock wrought conspicuously in the decorative designs. The view of these different buildings, each with its architecture representing the distinct nationality of the civilized races of the world, is one of



BLUMGARDT BROS. & CO. CHICAGO.

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN.

the most interesting features of the Exposition, and these with the blue lagoons and canals winding by a dozen different ways through the entire space of the grounds—their waters threaded by numberless gondolas lined with bright-hued velvets, and guided by swarthy gondoliers in picturesque native costumes, make up one of the most beautiful and striking pictures that can be imagined.

Besides these charming scenes and vistas which greet one from every view, are also the interesting sights presented in the broad avenues filled with throngs comprising almost every type of nationality under the sun. In the streets of this wonderful city, sprung up as if by magic on the shore of Lake Michigan, walk the yellow skinned representatives of the Japanese and Chinese empires, the swarthy natives of both the East and West Indies arrayed in crimson and white trousers and coats, their dark faces crowned with turbans of purple, yellow, or white cloth; the short, half-stunted, and queer garbed Esquimos from the north; natives of Morocco and Brazil; Spaniards, Italians, and every other civilized race on the globe, making a motley but appropriate population for this wondrous cosmopolitan city which at present figures as the chief center of the world.

Take the picture of the city itself, lined with structures erected on the models of the greatest buildings of every nation and state that are represented on the grounds and filled with these unique types, in their striking and picturesque

costumes, and thronged besides with people of our own and all other modern nations, and one may gain some idea or foundation for an imagination of the varied and striking pictures which make up the daily scenes in the region of Jackson Park.

It would seem in fact that the wonder of these scenes alone would suffice to make up an interesting exhibition in itself, but add to this the fact that these beautiful buildings are stored each with the greatest collection of rare, curious, useful and costly exhibits ever before gathered together in one spot, and it can be imagined what a mine of wonder and interest is open to the fortunate and numberless people who daily visit the great exposition.

It is not possible in the present article to enter into a description of the varied and wonderful exhibits stored in each of the buildings on the Fair grounds; to do so completely, or exhaustively, would take more space than the pages of the CONTRIBUTOR contain; but in a future article an effort will be made to give a slight description of the more striking and interesting of the exhibits displayed in the exposition, and also an idea of the new, strange and unique sights which occur daily on the grounds and which combine to make the White City seem an enchanted region, which might figure as the scene of the most gorgeous and wonderful visions which make up the splendor of the tales of the hundred Arabian Nights.

Josephine Spencer.

WANTED: MEN.

Not systems fit and wise,
Not faiths with rigid eyes,
Not wealth in mountain piles,
Not power with gracious smiles,
Not even the potent pen;
Wanted: men.

Wanted: deeds.
Not words of winning note,
Not thoughts from life remote,
Not fond religious airs,
Not sweetly languid prayers,
Not love of scent and creeds:
Wanted: deeds.

SKETCHES OF OUR PRESIDENTS.

WASHINGTON.

"The man first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his fellow citizens."

IN writing of George Washington one must tread upon ground hallowed by patriotic associations and by the words of those who have before written upon this subject; and for a young man to presume to tread upon such ground is at best but a dangerous experiment. But a sincere desire on the part of the writer to add his mite to the pile that has been raised in the hearts of Americans to the memory of the "Father of his country" must furnish whatever excuse may be necessary in this instance.

Of Washington's early life—of his army days—little need be said—everything is so well known. Sufficient it is to say that although he came from a prominent and comparatively wealthy family, lack of teachers and schools kept his education within the bounds of "reading, writing and common arithmetic;" but to these "he added surveying at a later day." In his early life he was not looked upon as being extraordinary in any respect, though his integrity and coolness were often remarked. The first indications that he possessed those great qualities that guided him through life were given in the border warfare with the Indians, in which he took a very prominent part.

As is well known, when the Revolutionary War broke out he was made commander of the American forces; and though his direction of the war has been spoken of—with some justice—as one great retreat, he here showed great generalship. During the struggle it was frequently remarked by Washington's officers that he obtained most remarkable information from councils of war; for at them he listened with attention to all that was said *pro* and *con*; and, possessing a very analytical mind, he was able to separate the good advice from the bad, the practicable from the impracticable. Aided by suggestions thus received, his battles were always well planned; but if any part of his well arranged plans should become disarranged during the course of an action he was embarrassed

and slow to recover. And so we see in him a general often defeated in the field, but who seldom met defeat at the hands of an enemy in station. His siege of Yorktown showed particularly his powers against an enemy in this situation; for never was a siege more judiciously planned and a plan never better carried out.

Although during the war Washington showed great powers and did great acts, yet the greatest trials of his life were left for the period between the close of the Revolution and his final retirement from the presidency.

After the war he was one of the strongest advocates of a union of the States; and when the constitutional convention was suggested, the movement met with his hearty approval. He was sent to the convention as a delegate from Virginia and was unanimously chosen to preside over its deliberations. In the capacity of chairman he could take little part in the debates, and it is related that the only time he interfered in the proceedings was when a member proposed an article restricting the regular army of the prospective government to five thousand men. Then the chairman is said to have sarcastically suggested that the member amend his motion so as to restrict an enemy from invading the country with more than three thousand men.

When Washington was inaugurated, after being unanimously chosen as president, the eyes of the civilized world were turned upon this country. Here an experiment was being made, and those who favored liberty were looking with hope for its success; while those who favored royalty were looking eagerly for failure. On Washington all eyes were turned. Men asked many questions. Among others, would he make as good a president as general? Would he be content to accept only the powers given him by the Constitution? or would he assume the prerogatives of a king?

Washington's position was most trying at this time. Brought up, as he had been, among traditions of respect for royalty and amid surroundings where in-

equality was the rule, not the exception, he had little faith in the doctrine of equal rights to all men—he believed rather in favored classes and aristocracies. The Constitution he considered but an experiment as to the amount of liberty that can be given man with safety; he believed that the English constitution, with all its imperfections and rottenness, would have to be resorted to in the end; yet he declared that the experiment, once begun, must be carried through, and that he would be willing to lose the last drop of his blood in its defense.

Neither of the two great parties—Federalist and anti-Federalist—then forming excited all his sympathy and he desired to conciliate both. He allowed no party feeling to sway him in the choice of his cabinet, but called as his counselors those whom he thought most fitted to help him build up the government. Jefferson, then minister to France, was called to the State department; Hamilton was made Secretary of the Treasury; General Henry Knox, Secretary of War, and Edmund Randolph, Attorney General; the cabinet being thus divided equally between the Federalists—Hamilton and Knox, and the anti-Federalists—Jefferson and Randolph.

Jefferson did not immediately return from France and the new administration entered upon its duties without him. It was confronted then by a grave situation; as during the constitutional agitations the two parties had grown strong, and party feeling was beginning to show forth in innumerable ways. One class clamored for strong government; the other looked upon these clamors as the expression of a desire for monarchy; and as a consequence hot words were constantly passing. Besides this the government had become indebted during the war in the sum of twenty-five million dollars; while the individual States had incurred as large an indebtedness. There were no funds in the treasury beyond the sum necessary to carry on the government, and yet this debt must be paid or the financial reputation of the republic must be tarnished by its repudiation. And then it was manifestly unfair that

one or two States—the State debts were owed principally by Massachusetts, New York and South Carolina—should bear so much of the expense of the war; and so these debts should be assumed by the government.

Hamilton, as Secretary of the Treasury, then brought forth a scheme by which the government was to assume all State war debts and was to pay *all* war indebtedness. This scheme was duly presented to Congress, but met with violent opposition, and was finally defeated by a majority of two in the House of Representatives. Hamilton was cast down and hopeless; but at this time Jefferson returned from France and took charge of the State department. Hamilton invoked his aid; and Jefferson, won over by the rosy-hued representations and earnest promises of the Secretary of the Treasury finally consented to use his influence to abate the opposition to the scheme. A majority in favor of Hamilton's plan was finally obtained by getting two Potomac members to change their votes, it being promised in consideration of such change that the capital should be removed from New York to Philadelphia, where it should remain for ten years and then should be removed to some place on the Potomac.

On the approval of this plan the country was immediately put on a seemingly sound financial basis; and the paper currency, which had heretofore been far below par now began to pass at its face value, the government began to coin gold and silver, business became brisk, and the whole country began to assume a general air of prosperity.

But difficulties thickened about the administration. In the cabinet Jefferson and Hamilton were fighting "like two cocks in a pit," Randolph following the lead of the former, Knox of the latter. Jefferson accused Hamilton of being ambitious to make a monarchy of this country, and received replies making counter charges. Jefferson also looked with much disfavor on Hamilton's system of finance, and accused the chief of the treasury of misrepresentation and bad faith, practiced at first to secure Jeffer-

son's influence in favor of the approval of the original system.

Outside official circles as well as inside party feeling ran high; one party denouncing, in bitter language all measures emanating from the treasury, and lauding to the skies all acts having the approval of the State department; the other party praising and condemning in inverse order. *Fenno's Gazette*, the organ of the Federalists, and *Frenneau's Gazette*, the organ of the opposition, hurled anathemas at and sung praises of the acts of the administration according to the department from which they emanated. Washington stood between the contending forces in a most unenviable position; but during his first term no excess of party feeling made any man go so far as to attack the President, he was loved and revered too much for that.

Washington did not want to be president for a second term; he was tired of the constant worry he was obliged to endure, and wished to spend the rest of his days in "peace and tranquility." But at this time the crisis was not passed; there were the same bickerings, the same quarrels among public men and political parties, and it yet needed the honest, upright and far-seeing Washington at the helm, to keep the ship of State from being wrecked on the rocks of discord. Letters from prominent men of both parties, particularly from Hamilton and Jefferson, poured in on him, urging him to consent to a re-election; and much against his personal desires he gave assent to the proposition, believing that he could best serve the interests of his country by so doing.

"It was under gloomy auspices, a divided cabinet, an increasing exasperation of parties, a suspicion of monarchical tendencies and a threatening abatement of popularity that Washington entered upon his second term of presidency." And soon after he was put to a harder test than ever before, for word came over the water, following close on the heels of the news of the execution of Louis XVI., that France had declared war against England. The news threw the country into a frenzy of excitement

and the question immediately arose, should America now repay France for her aid in our struggle for liberty. Many urged that the United States owed France a debt of gratitude that the time had now come to pay. Even if America owed nothing to France, they said, still in that country a fight for liberty was going on, and America should reach out her hand to prevent so inglorious a consummation as a re-establishment of a monarchy there. Aroused as the American people were at seeing republican France fighting aristocratic England, many would have precipitated a war. But the overwhelming influence of the great Washington, who in this crisis looked for nothing but the welfare of his country, saved the nation from such an inexcusable and utterly foolish step. After a cabinet meeting, in which the president heard the opinions of all his advisers, an order that Americans should keep strictly neutral was issued. Among the most fanatical of the French sympathizers this raised a furious storm. Protest upon protest, threat upon threat, came pouring in from all sides upon the different members of the administration. But the master mind could not be changed by all these demonstrations, and it was decided that the most this country could afford to do would be to receive and recognize the minister of the republic of France, should one be sent.

Soon after France did send a minister in the person of one M. Genet. This minister, instead of coming directly to the capital, landed at Charleston, South Carolina, with his pockets full of blank commissions for privateers and for army officers, which he distributed lavishly among the French sympathizers with whom he came in contact. He was received with intense enthusiasm and his commissions with pleasure. His trip to the capital was a triumphal tour, being received everywhere by vast crowds and treated as a national guest of honor.

But on the arrival of Genet at the capital, he found that the administration was not so enthusiastic over him as the populace, and was in fact inclined to receive him a little coldly and to reprimand

him for his distribution of privateering and army commissions. Enraged at this he made a great effort to override the influence of Washington; and threatened to appeal to Congress from the decision of the President to maintain strict neutrality, and, if necessary, from Congress to the American people, not knowing that the Congress in this country did not have supreme power, but had only a co-operative power, and that the people could not change their representatives at will. Under his direction Democratic clubs—similar organizations to the Jacobin clubs of France—were organized in all the large cities, and it was through the influence of these pernicious associations that the first personal attacks were made upon Washington. These attacks, once commenced, broke down some of the love and reverence that had heretofore surrounded the person of the great leader, and in the end even such attacks as were contained in the scurrilous pamphlet called "The Funeral of Washington," representing him meeting with the fate of Louis XVI., were countenanced and even applauded.

Space will not allow the writer to go into details regarding the movements of the rash and hot-headed Genet. Sufficient it is to say that he went to New York and other large cities, where he made foolish speeches calculated to rouse the people to a state of rebellion; that under his direction attacks upon Washington and his cabinet grew more and more contemptible; and that his conduct finally became so odious to the administration that his recall was imperatively demanded.

After the recall of Genet, however, the political skies did not clear up. England had been impressing American seamen under the plea that they were Englishmen and had been stopping American vessels bound for France, taking them to English harbors and then selling their cargoes. Incensed as the American people were at England—for Revolutionary hates had hardly abated, and sympathizing as they did with France, this but added another argument to the case of those who desired

the intermeddling of America in the Franco-English war. The whole nation was roused to such a pitch of excitement that little was needed to bring combustion. But again Washington interposed his cool judgment. He desired a peaceful settlement of the disputes with England; and though, for that reason, he was denounced as a British sympathizer, he commissioned John Jay special ambassador to England to negotiate a treaty. Through the untiring efforts of that great statesman a treaty was made in which the United States was granted many concessions. This was duly forwarded to the Senate, where, after some slight modifications, it was ratified. Then it was sent to the President for his approval.

In the meantime, on account of the great secrecy that had reigned with regard to the text of the treaty, improper reports of the provisions thereof were circulated. Petitions and remonstrances against its approval by the president were sent in by hundreds. But after a period of serious reflection the treaty was ratified. This action opened up the vials of party wrath, and all kinds of personal and political accusations were made against the president; but the most conservative men still expressed perfect confidence in his judgment. In time all charges made were shown to be false.

The wise course of Washington in peremptorily stamping out the rebellion in Pennsylvania against the Excise Law is too well known to need comment.

As the time approached for another election, Washington was urged to accept the presidency for a third term. But he said there were a thousand other men who could fill the presidential chair, and he did not consider it longer necessary for him to sacrifice his personal desires. As we know John Adams was elected to the office, and on March 4th, 1797, he was relieved from the duties of an office he had never sought, from a trust faithfully fulfilled.

He remained quietly at beautiful Mount Vernon until threatened war with France drew the eyes of the nation upon him. He was urged to accept the command of

the American forces. He did so, and was actively engaged in the organization of the army when he died from a sudden attack of pneumonia, brought on by exposure in a rain storm. And so ended the life of our nation's first president. He was mourned the world over. Among other marks of respect for the dead were observances in all the great European capitals. Napoleon caused the French flags to be draped for ten days. This simple sketch will not warrant a perfect judgment of his character. Let that be judged from the words of one who knew him well, a man who did not agree with him on many points in government, but who admired the sterling qualities of the man. Thomas Jefferson, in a letter written in 1814, says:

"His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration acute, though not so strong as that of a Bacon, Newton or Locke." * * * He was incapable of fear, meeting personal danger with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature of his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but when once decided going through with his purpose whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was

most pure; his justice the most inflexible I have ever known—no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or malice, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good and a great man. * * * His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. * * * His colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public when called upon for a sudden opinion he was unready, short and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. * * * On the whole, his character was in the mass perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent. * * * His was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down in a quiet and orderly train, and of scrupulously obeying the laws during the whole of his career, civil and military—of which the world furnishes no other example."

Eugene Young.

THE PRICE OF REVENGE.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

FAR as the eye could reach, while little waves rolled lazily on its surface, the broad bosom of the great sea extended. Away to the leeward a whale was languishing and sporting in the sunshine—just far enough to add novelty to the scene and leave in the breasts of those who were timid a feeling of defiant security. Even our good ship had caught the sleepy infection, and was rolling carelessly on the silent billows, her sails lying idly on the mast.

The passengers were reclining contentedly in small groups on the upper deck. Some were chatting in low voices, but the balmy air, the gentle motions of the

ship, and the weary expanse of waters had combined to cause a dreamy feeling to pervade most of the voyagers. Near the prow a stout, blustering Englishman was talking in loud tones with a member of the nautical community, the murmur of their voices falling on the drowsy ears of their listeners with a far-away sound.

Had one of the crew thrown off his drowsiness and strolled along the deck, he might have seen, partly concealed by the life-boats, a young couple leaning against the railing; the girl, for she was only nineteen, gazing with seeming earnestness at the dashing spray; the other searching with great tenderness the violet

eyes of his fair companion. He might also have noticed how beautiful the maiden was. Her form, tall and somewhat slender, and partly relieved against the clear blue of the sea, was gracefully rounded. Her locks, which were of a sunny golden tint, were wafted softly by the breeze, and a little spray gave a pure, healthful glow to her cheeks. Her eyes reflected the deep blue of the ocean and the exquisite tints of the sky.

Her companion was also of slender build; his figure was well knit though delicate—one glance at his pale face and marble forehead would have shown that. A kind, gallant nature and great tenderness and affection were displayed in his large, brown eyes and full lips. His whole face was indicative of great feeling and refinement and had a peculiarly boyish expression.

"I was just thinking, little maiden," he was saying, "if it hadn't been for Sir Ogre, in the person of your Aunt Catherine, you and I would already have been married, and this would have been our honeymoon."

"What ingratitude, sir, after all her kindness to you. Besides," replied Ethelyn, blushing with becoming modesty, "three weeks isn't so long."

Had our friend of the crew, who might have heard this, cast a glance towards the hatchway, he would have been startled to see on the face of a tall, bohemian-like man, who was gazing fiercely at the lovers, a look of the most diabolical hatred and envy. The scanty and light colored eye-brows scarcely shade the cold, greenish orbs, in which lingers the fearful, steely gaze of a serpent. He turns at a slight noise, and the profile reveals his prominent features—aquiline and finely formed, though marred by the cold, selfish look that plays round the mouth.

And after he of the crew had stood as indicated, and seen that evil, leering countenance, the joyous laugh which broke from Ethelyn Varley's lips would have startled his senses with unreality and fear. And had she seen the look of deadly hate directed at her lover, that laugh would have died on her tongue.

But she did not see it. She was oblivious to all but the charm of her lover's presence, and the perfectness of her joy.

And so, like two innocent lambs gamboling unconscious of evil in the sunshine, while nearer and nearer are coming the fiery eyes and gory jaws of the wolf, we shall leave them, and digress far enough to briefly explain how the two lovers and their bitter enemy came to board the steamship "*Æneas*," and why Pomeroy Varian hated Felix Fremont.

Ethelyn Varley was beautiful. Both had loved her; the one wooing with confident faith in success—the other, hopefully and bravely, though modest of his own attractions. Felix Fremont had won, and the other had never forgiven him. His nature was mean and vindictive, and he neither forgot nor forgave an injury.

Arrangements for the marriage were hastily made, and Pomeroy Varian was forgotten. They were to marry in New York, and sail for the Orient within a month. But Felix, as we shall hereafter know him, was suddenly laid low by a fever; and just at this point a somewhat mandatory letter was received from Ethelyn's worthy aunt and guardian at Naples.

As all her niece's relatives were at the last named place, it was her desire that they should be married there. She had also written to her niece's other guardian, Mr. O'Hara, and he would, she had no doubt, be willing to accompany Mr. Fremont and herself. The letter was subscribed, "Your affectionate aunt and guardian, Catharine Varley."

Felix had recovered in time to board the next Naples-bound steamer, though weak and delicate. Mr. O'Hara, an old mariner, strong and agile as a tiger, who prided himself on his athletic attainments, he having once leaped from a burning vessel to a rescuing one, a distance of over twenty-five feet, and having never yet been vanquished at tug-o-war, of which mode of exercise he was especially fond, was delighted at the privilege of accompanying the affectionate couple.

The drowsiness has settled even more

firmly on the voyagers, but is destined to be somewhat rudely banished, for along the deck, greeting his sleepy listeners with a shower of "Good days," "How are you faring," and "Having a squall towards evening," comes the garrulous O'Hara.

The Irishman is the ideal of all, and his genial, beaming face, and brisk, hearty manner have a most happyfying effect on the passengers. There is a general raising of heads and shaking among those strewn on the deck. His greetings are returned cheerily and even with interest, at which, being highly gratified at such a demonstration, O'Hara proceeds: "All you men here, who want to rouse up and get a little exercise, be down on lower deck at three o'clock; we're going to have a tug-o-war," and his eyes fairly gleam at the prospect.

Poor O'Hara! he little knows what sad event awaits the lives and fortunes of himself and friends, and is linked in that simple sport. The musical dong of the luncheon bell resounds on the deck, and all make their way, chatting gaily, to the spacious saloon.

'Tis three o'clock. Everything is in readiness for the tug-o-war. The floor is marked in bold, chalk outlines, and a thick rope, with a large knot in the center, lies on the deck.

The monotony of ship life is proverbial: cards, smoking room and novel form the limit of a traveler's indulgence. And thus it was that even the homely diversion of tug-o-war attracted an interested crowd to the upper deck, which overlooks a bare, spacious place at the rear of the lower, the scene of the *hors de combat*. The more eager lovers of sportive contest, however, gathered round the performers. These consisted of a motley band of fourteen—patrician and plebeian being indiscriminately pitted against each other.

"Get ready, boys," bawls a familiar voice, and O'Hara, with sleeves rolled up to his elbows, and a triumphant, half-scornful look on his face, stalks into the group. He looks over his six well chosen men—among them our hero—with all

the pride of a general reviewing his troops; then whispers to each of them, assigns him a position on the rope, and, as to his men, all is in readiness.

His chief opponent, a lanky, indolent looking Australian, after making a gingerly comment on O'Hara's fine proportions, leisurely takes up the rope, followed by his six adherents, plants his cumbrous foot caressingly on the deck, and leans backward:

"Pull," shrieks the second mate, who glories in the position of judge and starter of the game. There is a sound like the shuffling of many feet, a suppressed oath, and the Australian measures his length on the deck, followed, at different angles, by his men.

It was over in a minute, and O'Hara receives a rousing cheer for his strength and agility.

The Australian had sprained his ankle in the fall, and was helped, limping and breathless, to the smoking room. The beaten men, anxious to redeem themselves in another effort, cast about for a new leader. The want was soon supplied.

"Can I be of any service to you gentlemen?" No one answers for a moment as the speaker, a tall, Bohemian-like man comes forward. The scanty and light colored eye-brows scarcely shade the cold greenish orbs, in which lingers the fearful, steely gaze of a serpent. The speaker was Pomeroy Varian.

Felix Fremont's face turns even a shade paler at sight of that face; his hands grasp the rope more firmly, and his lips tighten stiffly round his mouth.

A cold, sickening chill goes to Ethelyn Varley's heart, and a stifled scream escapes her. Oh, why had he followed them! Had he not sworn that—oh, what awful wrong was he going to do. How she dreaded his sneaking, silent ways and evil eyes. Just then she became aware that those steely, wicked orbs were regarding her fixedly, a triumph-leering look flashing from their depths. A heavier pang smote her heart; she was not thinking of herself now. She had felt rather than seen in those eyes a look of fiendish hate for her lover. "Felix," she half

moans; is she going to faint? She gazes wildly among all that crowd of faces for a friendly look—

"Much obleeged, sir," the shrill, nasal voice of the second mate broke in, "the very man we want. Git yer men inter harness 'nd heave off. We're losing time."

O'Hara looks rather scornfully at his new opponent, though the form seems tough and wiry, and capable of much endurance.

The sun is reaching low on the western wave. The sea is becoming dark and restless, causing the ship to toss from side to side.

Again the second mate shrieks "pull." The shuffling of feet is less noticeable than before. The large knot gives a foot towards the Irishman, and is quickly regained. The spectators are now thoroughly interested, and cheer lightly.

"Now," cries O'Hara sharply, putting his full weight to the rope. In vain the other side strain and tug. The next moment, to their infinite chagrin and the corresponding delight of the onlookers, they fell in a tangled, struggling mass to the deck.

Pomeroy Varian is the first to rise; he is limping slightly, and the look of baffled rage and hate on his face is fearful to behold. The onlookers are awed by its poisonous malignity. He looks around fiercely for a moment, and then, "I challenge Felix Fremont to a single trial of strength," he says in deep, choked tones.

A murmur of disapproval goes through the crowd. Ethelyn, pale as death, hears him, and rushes, blinded with a chaos of feelings, to the stair leading to the lower deck.

The skies are becoming darker, and the sea is becoming more turbulent, causing the ship to pitch more and more.

A storm of contempt and unquenchable anger is raging in Felix Fremont's breast. His mind goes quickly back to the time when Varian had professed friendship for him; to all his mean and treacherous acts; his hateful attachment for Ethelyn; but—a look of unutterable love and pain crosses his features—he dare not think of her.

All this had passed through his mind in an instant. His lips close more firmly and his eyes burn like sapphires. The next moment he has walked close to his enemy. "You're a coward, sir," he said, his voice clear, though strained and hard with passion, "but I accept your challenge."

The second mate makes everything ready. O'Hara pleads with the boy, with all the feeling of a father for his son, to think again, but finding that nothing would move him, mutters something about seeing the "lad had fair play."

The two men stand face to face. The eager crowd closes round them. A look of triumphant joy gleams on Pomeroy Varian's face; the sweet, boyish eyes of the other return it with a look of infinite contempt. The sun sinks behind a dark, threatening crowd, and the ship is enveloped in semi-darkness, giving to the white, set faces of the combatants a look of luminous pallor.

Just then a scream cuts the darkening air like a knife. "Pull," says the second mate.

The struggle is short and desperate. For a moment an awful stillness settles over the anxious crew, broken only by the deep panting of the combatants, and the occasional shuffling of feet. Then the slender, boyish form of Felix Fremont goes down, still clinging to the burning rope. Then ah, brutish deed! the other, with the fire of hell burning in his eye, is dragging the delicate form over the rough, broken boards.

Just as Michael O'Hara dashes to the rescue, a wild, despairing cry cuts to the very heart of every man on the "Æneas." The next moment Felix Fremont is raised to his lover's bosom, unconscious, the pale, tender face relaxed in a beautiful, childlike smile.

The sound of a struggle comes faintly to Ethelyn Varley's ears, as she leans breathlessly over the pale, cold face. Suddenly a form—the features agonized and distorted with dread—is raised in Michael O'Hara's arms. There is a shrill cry for mercy. The next moment Pomeroy Varian is thrown clear of the vessel's side, and over his cold, leering

eyes and evil face, the dark waves swiftly close.

O'Hara's arms are still raised, and a dazed unseeing look is on his face. He is gazing blankly out on the great waters. Something like a lengthened gasp quivers through the breathless crowd. Then a fearful change convulses O'Hara's features. All his rage has gone. A sudden realization of what he has done comes over him. One word is burning in his fevered brain, "Murderer—Mur—." In a flash he sees himself among his former friends—the finger of scorn is pointed at him. And see! they are moving away as he approaches. His very lips change to a dull ashy hue, and great beads of icy sweat are forming on his brow.

He dashes to the vessel's side, and his eyes, rolling and flashing like brilliant gems, are searching the great waters, as if they would drink the very life back to her surface. Just then Varian's white, agonized face comes to the top. With a bound O'Hara has reached the stern: one instant the on-lookers see the broad, commanding form standing with arms raised high over his head; then he is gone, and is battling with giant strength among the dark seething billows.

"To the life-boats, men," cries the shrill, nasal voice of the second mate.

It is a beautiful balmy day in August. A number of porpoises are leaping about on the broad clear surface of the sea. On the sunny side of the deck, partly concealed by the life-boats, a young couple are seated.

The maid is Ethelyn Varley—one could easily see that by the bright, golden locks and beautiful eyes, which are a little more thoughtful than of old, and even more loving, as they light on the pale, worn face of her companion. Felix is seemingly brighter this morning, as he looks at her from the chair in which he is reclining, wrapped in furs and rugs.

"He has sent for you again this morning, Felix," the silvery voice of Ethelyn is saying. Felix changes his position, uneasily. "How can you refuse this re-

quest, when he may be dying." Her voice trembles with pity for the dying repentant, and Felix is strangely moved. Probably after all Varian wasn't so bad. Had he not once helped him (Felix) to the inn when he had fallen from a stile and sprained his ankle? But that—again he moved uneasily—was before they had both fallen in love with—

A tall, slender gentleman, pale as death, his sunken eyes and hollow cheeks looking ghostly in the bright sunshine, is feebly groping his way along the deck. It is Pomeroy Varian. It is pitiable to see the once proudly-carried figure so shrunken and drooping. All the old cynical, leering look has vanished, and a more kindly, generous light beams from his eye. The expression of his face has lost its wonted hardness, and a look, half of remorse—partly hope and generous resolve has taken its place.

The fearful experience through which he has passed has crystalized all the latent manly qualities in his nature, and brought them to the surface. After all, Varian was but the outgrowth of a social system, which often stunts generous impulses of the heart. In childhood he was caressed and fondled in Fortune's lap, and his manhood was treated to fawning servility and flattery from that most heartless of sycophants—the public. Little wonder that he should early become imbued with a false sense of his own superiority over others. He knew no restraint but his own desires. And still he was flattered—and every feeling of generosity and love for mankind was poisoned at the springs. He was here to rule, and enjoy life to the fullest; why should not they bow to his word as they had always done? Thus he became heartlessly selfish, and, when crossed or injured, sought revenge as if it were a natural right, with unreasoning cruelty and vindictiveness.

But a wonderful change had come over his feelings. Even as he stands, grasping the railing with trembling, nervous hands, his lips quivering with emotion, he is thinking of the fearful agony he felt when cast into the sea. A thousand maddening thoughts rushed through his brain. Every evil act of his life flashed before

his eyes. How dreadful and light had seemed the air—and he was sinking. Was he going to die? Ah no, he could not die yet. And he killed Felix Fremont! What, killed Fremont! and Fremont was good, and honest and brave, and Ethelyn had loved him. Ah, God! if Fremont could only forgive before he—ah! he must have time—the cold waves—He cannot—die—yet—down! down! A thousand lights are flashing, the weight of oceans is upon him—Fremont—mercy—and then all is blank, and the cruel waves hiss above him.

A ghastly pallor is on Pomeroy Varian's face as his mind reacts this maddening scene, and the hands that grasp the railing with vice-like tenacity are cold and clammy as death.

But the thought seems to nerve him to a mighty effort. The bent, trembling form straightens to its natural height, and he takes a step or two forward. Just then his eyes light on Felix Fremont,

and he half walks, half staggers towards him, and falls at his feet.

"Fremont, forgive me," he cries in a hoarse, broken voice. "I'm the most despicable of God's creatures, but you were always kind and good, and you'll forgive me."

The tears rise to Felix' eyes, and he inwardly condemns himself for not sooner relieving the weary sufferer.

Just then O'Hara—slightly paler and more thoughtful than of old—walks up. Varian bursts into tears from uncontrollable emotion, and sobs out something about O'Hara "saving his life."

"Don't speak of that, sir," says the Irishman, with feeling. The three men's hands close in a grasp of unyielding love and friendship. Michael O'Hara's kindly face beams with satisfaction. It is the happiest moment in Pomeroy Varian's life.

And Felix and Ethelyn are smiling with gladness. *Angus Nicholson.*

MY M. I. A. MISSION TO ARIZONA.

II.

NEXT day in company with President Dalton we visited the Government mint. There are but three in the United States. We registered, and as only a certain number are allowed to go through at a time, neither more nor less, we waited for the proper number to arrive. We went with the crude metal from the deposit room, through the entire process which converts the bullion into the stamped coin. To the furnace room, pump, grinder, melting, assaying, moulding, rolling, cutting and stamping. They were working on gold the day we were there, and the bars from which the shining twenties were cut were four feet long, an inch and a half wide and an eighth of an inch thick. Their capacity for turning out coin was forty twenties to the minute, or nineteen thousand and two hundred dollars for a day of eight hours. We were shown a sealed vault said to contain ten million silver dollars. The guide, a very jovial fellow, told us that

the employes did not work in the clothes in which they came to the building, but changed into a suit that was left there when they returned to their homes at night. At the end of every year all such clothing was burned for sake of the precious dust adhering to them. At the end of every four years, or the term of office of each president, all the carpets, etc., share the fate of the clothes, as every ounce received into the building must then be accounted for. The last carpet burning netted the mint three thousand and two hundred dollars, but our guide advised the ladies present not to go home and burn their carpets, as all carpets were not built that way. We saw millions in silver and gold during our brief stay, but upon getting outside we examined our pocket-books, and found them as flat as ever.

The State Mining Bureau is a splendid building, and as its name indicates, it is devoted to furthering the mining interests of the State. The collection of minerals

here exhibited would require more space than this entire article occupies to simply name them. Here I left a second specimen of Utah onyx, and received several beautiful mineral specimens in return.

California is a great place for rains, but up to the twenty-sixth the weather had been bright, making our sight-seeing a very pleasant affair. On this day, however, the wind freshened, while we were at President Dalton's home at Oakland. We took dinner at the house of a Brother Jurgensen, an old-time Mormon, and at three p.m. took the ferry boat across the bay to secure our tickets and make final preparations to continue our journey. The waves were pretty high as we went over, and the wind steadily increased, until at half-past five, when we returned to the ferry, it was blowing quite a gale, and the rain was falling in torrents. There was scarcely standing room, some two thousand working people being on the boat. Oakland might almost be said to be the "bedroom of San Francisco," so many people sleep in the former place who work in the latter, and this was their boat for going home.

We had taken our stand on the front lower deck that we might see all that was possible of the bay in a storm. When about half way over a wave like a mountain rose out of the bay, and with an indescribable roar it hurled itself upon the boat, almost throwing her on her beam ends. Every bolt and timber strained and creaked, and an angry mass of water surged through the lower cabin. It seemed to us that the boat was making a dive straight to the bottom, for at one moment we were looking into an open crater of water, for it was all around us, fathoms deep. Such a panic! Women screamed and fainted, and some would have thrown themselves overboard if they had not been restrained. They clung to each other in horror, and rushed hither and thither like mad creatures, without purpose. My first feeling when that monster wave arose in its wrath and hurled itself upon the boat was a deadly fear, in the presence of what seemed certain death. Then it seemed to me that the voice of God spoke to my inner con-

sciousness, "Peace, my son! your time has not yet come."

We both bear testimony to this, and at that whisper fear departed. Another wave, mightier than the first lifted itself out of the seething mass of waters and came toward us on the wings of a wind, blowing forty miles an hour. Its concave center was like the side of a mountain, its foaming edges like the teeth of a savage beast, as it fell upon the boat that shivered, groaned and staggered, and was tossed about with all its living freight, like a cork. I annex a newspaper clipping that seems very appropriate:

Fortunately the panic did not last. There were no more of the giant waves. The bay was rough, but no longer dangerous. Common sense came to the rescue of the affrighted passengers. Those who had remained reasonably calm reassured the others. The fainting were restored. But prone upon the deck where it had been carried, was one form to which no sign of life came back. People gathered about it curiously. Some bent over and touched it and and awe once more came upon them. They were with the dead.

No sooner, however was the danger of immediate death passed, than those creatures, who only a few moments before had quailed in abject terror before the face of death, now attested their joy, not by giving thanks to God, but in senseless laughter, jest and oaths and ribald song. My very soul turned sick when I contemplated their condition, and I longed to get out of their company.

Before laying our heads upon our pillows we humbly thanked God, not only for our safety, but for the testimony and peace that had power to overcome the natural weakness of the flesh in the hour of peril.

January 27th we took train from Oakland and traveled through a fertile region where miles upon miles were covered with green meadows, orchards and vineyards, all in the highest state of cultivation. We passed through Fresno in the evening and began ascending the San Bernardino Mountains. What scenery! At times the mountains rose in circling massive amplitude above our heads; again, the train shot between the uplifted peaks, or moved with sinuous glide along

the almost perpendicular side of some mountain or a narrow dugway, while far below us, as if to emphasize distance, a strip of water gleamed in the moonlight like a silver ribbon. We went through seventeen tunnels in thirty miles, and turned the curves of the famous "loupe," where the road is like a spiral, crossing and re-crossing itself at loftiest heights.

Descending on the other side we found ourselves in the San Joaquin Valley. As far as the eye could see it was as green as a lawn, so dense and luxuriant is the growth of grass as nature planted it. This was by far the most beautiful section through which we traveled. We entered the city of Los Angeles and remained but one hour. Again the train sped through miles upon miles of unbroken orchards and vineyards. Between two stations, I remember the distance was six miles, it was one continuous orange grove. The trees were loaded like our cherry trees; but differing, inasmuch as ripe fruit, green fruit, blossoms and buds hung side by side on the same boughs. We expected to find oranges cheap where they grew in such prodigal profusion, but not an orange could we buy at less than fifty cents per dozen in the streets of Los Angeles. Indeed we got some distance further east before we found them selling at a price that missionaries could afford to eat them. On leaving Los Angeles we had the pleasure of viewing the ruins of the old Spanish Mission House, with its fine silent bells still hanging over the broken arch of the door. It is said to be one of the first buildings erected in California. We crossed the Santa Anna River and emerged into the Mojave Desert. The climate here is intensely hot. Although it was January, the weather was as warm as we usually experience in central Utah in the latter part of May. No sharper contrast could be drawn than that presented by the scene now before our eyes, and the country we had so recently traversed. It was a barren, naked reach of fine, dry, moving sand; inch by inch, and foot by foot, in waves and ripples it is shifted this way and that. Here and there is a bit of sage, or a shrub of larger growth, literally blown out of

the earth. The stations are eight or ten miles apart, and when reached generally consisted of two rooms and nothing more. All these stations are constructed with a double roof; the second lifted some eighteen inches above the real house cover, and left open on all sides to admit a free circulation of air; this is made necessary by the intense heat of the climate.

One station bore the euphonious title of "Palm Springs." We fully expected to see a small oasis here, but beyond a garden about the size of a tablecloth, where a few sun-struck discouraged little palms were being brought up on a bottle, as it were, there was not a sign of vegetation.

Another station in this desert known as "Sutton," is within sight of the lake that so suddenly and mysteriously made its appearance some two years ago. There are signs of its having been as high as the railroad track itself, but it is now half-a-mile distant, and is said to be fast disappearing. As it goes it leaves shoals of fine white salt. This is gathered and sold by the Indians.

Just at sunset we passed over the Colorado River on a bridge two hundred and fifty yards long. The river is deep enough for boats to ascend it far above this point, and rolls in almost unbroken silence, a deep, dark, sinister tide. The cars stopped half an hour for supper, and while others supped we visited Fort Yuma, known to most of your readers as the place where some of our brethren were imprisoned for conscience sake. We looked in the forbidding walls of this prison house, and on the no less forbidding face of nature, and wondered if any prisoners would care to escape. But for the railroad stations, the life of a man liberated would not be worth a moment's thought, for he would never reach human habitation, even in the most favorable season of the year. The call of "all aboard," brought us back to the train, and a very satisfactory interview with our lunch basket, thanks to the grocery store at home.

This was the most dreary night of our absence from home. We arrived at Mar-

icopa at 10:55. In the vicinity of the station are the Maricopa Wells, one of the old land marks made historical by being re-excavated by the Mormon Battalion boys.

Anxiety lest we should go beyond this station kept us awake up to that hour. Until 1:25 we walked the floor of the station house, waiting for the Phoenix train for Tempe, where we arrived at 3:05 a. m. By some delay of the mails our friends did not meet us, as expected, and we experienced a strange loneliness that effectually prevented sleep.

Sunday morning, January 29th, we took the passenger coach for Mesa, where our labors as missionaries were to begin. The word "Mesa" means table land, and this is certainly one of the most beautiful tracts of country in the world, in everything but rain. Such a vast tract of land, level as a floor, rich, fertile, and sloping to the south. Had it California rain, it would make a country that would leave California well-nigh forgotten.

We were warmly welcomed by Stake President, C. I. Robson, also Stake Superintendent, David Hibbert. We accompanied the latter to a ward meeting in the afternoon as visitors, and spoke a few minutes. In the evening we attended the joint session of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. in the Alma Ward; spoke on the Manual and systematic study.

Here, as elsewhere in this Stake, I noticed that a great many persons not of our faith attended our meetings, and I was impressed that they came respectfully, with a view to learning something.

The following is the plan or program adopted, with regard to holding meetings, and the essential features were repeated in all other Stakes, within the scope of our missionary work. First a general or public meeting was called, in which the uses of the Manual were explained, with regard to systematic and progressive study; and the decided advantages to be gained by its use. The real object of the Mutual Improvement Association, and how that object could be attained in the most direct and thorough manner, first by converting parents

Following this general meeting, a special meeting for the officers and members of the M. I. A., was held in each ward, where more detailed instructions were entered into as to the "how" it was to be done, of the Manual, beginning with program making, the answering of questions, use of books of reference, delivering of lectures, conducting of classes, under the auspices of the associations and making them a factor thereof.

To close our labors in each Stake an officers' meeting was called, which included all M. I. officers, of both Stake and Wards.

These meetings enabled us to correct any errors arising from our want of experience in presenting the subject. All were invited to ask questions, and a uniform understanding was pretty generally reached.

We took great pains to inform ourselves as to what each association was then doing, that we might dwell more especially on exactly what they needed at the moment, though presenting more or less in detail the entire plan.

We made some general observations during our labors that may not be deemed out of place if mentioned here. Where the general meeting was well attended by the parents—where they comprehended and appreciated the efforts being made by the Church authorities, in behalf of the young people, the youths of Zion were availing themselves of the opportunities so abundantly offered to them. Where parents were indifferent, their children were careless; and this will be found true in a majority of cases, whether it be in isolated families, or in communities, in Arizona or Utah.

Taking into consideration the difference in opportunities, our frontier settlements are making very creditable progress, as compared with those in our oldest and best equipped associations.

We found the Associations alive, and special classes doing commendable work. Particularly was this the case with the Civil Government class at Mesa in the Maricopa Stake. One of the five wards in this Stake is an Indian ward. The Bishop, George Tiffany, formerly of

Provo, is a white man, but the other officers are Indians, as are also most of the lay members of the ward. These Indians are of the Papago nation, and while adopting many of the customs of the whites, still speak their own language, and we were obliged to instruct them through an interpreter. Their dress is a strange admixture of savage and civilized costumes. Their intellectual development is above the average and I believe are susceptible of education and cultivation in the highest degree. The position of teacher to people with the general characteristics of the Indian, is one of the most difficult and responsible places that a conscientious Latter-day Saint can occupy. They have accepted the gospel so literally, they are so conscientious, earnest, devoted and self-sacrificing, that he who professes to know the will of God, and who teaches the pure and holy doctrines of our Lord and Savior, must be well-nigh perfect himself or be a stumbling block to them. Weaknesses, follies or wickedness on the part of such a man or woman not only brings the teacher into disrepute, as with us, but with them it invalidates the principles advocated by such a person.

The Indian ward is quite scattered, but the Sunday School and meeting were both well attended. Some of the Indians walked five or six miles to be at these gatherings, and they would not allow their teams to work on the Sabbath day. Sunday School was held at twelve o'clock, and regular services at two o'clock, with only half an hour's intermission. During the Sunday School session a little girl not more than three years old, asked the teacher for a drink of water; first in the Papago tongue, which her teacher did not understand, then in Spanish, which proved equally unintelligible, and, apparently unembarrassed by her failures, the little linguist repeated her request in English and got her drink. She was of mixed white and Indian blood, and Spanish is a very commonly spoken language among the Indians. A mere baby learning three languages simultaneously and apparently keeping them distinctly separated as to

the small words, as well as nouns, and also observing the proper construction, differing materially in the three tongues, was, to say the least of it, very interesting.

During the afternoon services we were addressed by a very noble and dignified Indian, baptized some ten years ago by Apostle Erastus Snow, and christened "Cicero" because of his great oratorical powers. We could not understand their language, but the grace and force of his gestures, the expressive modulations of his voice thrilled and awed us, for the room seemed filled with the electric fire of a deep conviction and a living, intelligent faith. I am satisfied that the interpretation lacked something of the peculiar personality which every speaker gives to his own thoughts, but the sentiments would have done credit to the head and heart of many an Anglo-Saxon, who has had the advantages of civilization and education. He said, among other things, that he had lived forty years without the gospel in the darkness of ignorance, and he counted it lost time. The ten years since he knew the will of God were worth all his previous life. The day we visited them, there were about fifty persons present, and almost without exception they are of fine physique.

Often we held two sessions in one evening, a general, and an officers' meeting, dismissing the latter at ten or eleven o'clock, and being accompanied to our stopping place by a few who were desirous of more minute explanation of Manual or Roll and Record.

Again next morning there would be callers who often remained in conversation with us until the very moment of starting to fill our next appointment. Nothing could have been more gratifying to us than this show of interest, and we neglected no opportunity to further the work of mutual improvement.

With all our labors we found time to visit the Stake academy, and some of the day schools. They were in a fairly prosperous condition. We visited a number of old friends, among them being Henry C. Rodgers, and George and Wallace McDonald.

(To be continued.)

RAMBLINGS AROUND THE WORLD.



GROUP IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS OF HONG KONG.

THE great bronze statue of the god Buddha, at Kamakura, on the south-eastern coast of Japan, stands alone among Japanese works of art. No other gives such an impression of majesty, or so strongly symbolizes the central idea of Buddhism—the intellectual calm which comes of perfected knowledge, and the subjugation of all earthly passions. Many of the inscriptions over the holy places of Japan are impressive; this one over the temple of Daibutsu is translated from the Japanese: “Stranger, whoever thou art, and whatever be thy creed, when thou enterest this sanctuary, remember thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is the temple of Buddha and the gate of the Eternal, and should therefore be entered with reverence.”

I left the region of the god early next morning. A chair was swung between two long bamboo poles and four coolies, one a half-breed, took their places at the ends; we then passed into a wild mountain

gorge, the coolies keeping pace to a monotonous chant. At intervals on a given signal, the pole ends were rapidly changed from shoulder to shoulder, but always without lowering the chair in which I was seated. After a steady ascent of thirty minutes, the half-breed makes the first sign of fatigue and calls a rest; his one drop in two of Caucasian blood has not saved him from a life of enduring toil. Some rice is eaten, a few whiffs of smoke are taken and the path through the jungle resumed. Pine, bamboo, cypress and palms are seen growing side by side, no one of them seeming to have a belt or zone of its own as in other countries. All the hills are aflame with autumn foliage. New and strange flowers are seen, and the traveler constantly bewails his ignorance of botany. Later on, after more rice, more rest, and more jabbering among the coolies, I descend from the chair, take the guide and leave the others to wait our return. We two then pass around the quiescent crater of

a sleeping volcano, where I am warned to tread carefully in the steps of the guide, as more than one life has been lost by breaking through the treacherous crust. On reaching the inn, preparations were made for a voyage down the Inland Sea of Japan. The reckoning was paid, the landlord's daughters, "three little maids," blushing and quaintly bowing whenever addressed, prepared the usual tiny cups of farewell tea, and amid much waving of hands with their sweet *sei-onaras*, (good byes) ringing on the air, I reluctantly started on the lonely journey to the coast. Beyond cavi, the "Light of Asia," contains the most polite, gentle, and courteous, buoyant and light-hearted people in the world. That night I reached the coast at Nagasaki, from whence, in a few hours, a Peninsular and Oriental steamer was to sail for China. Taking a walk on the inn terrace for a last look at the fast fading hills, my hat was raised as all impressions of the country I was leaving mingled in one sentence, "Oh, Mikado, live forever!"

That night, a party of us sailed for China, "far Cathay," as it was called by that ancient mariner, Marco Polo. Our course lay across the southern end of the Yellow Sea, past the mouth of the Yangtse-Kiang, leaving Foo Choo and Amoy on our right, and the islands of Formosa on the left. Five days later we steamed into the well-nigh land-locked but treacherous harbor of Hong Kong. Three days before, a typhoon had devastated the coast for miles, sweeping five hundred Chinese junks and seven hundred lives off the face of the troubled waters. The effect of the storm was felt by our ship, when six hundred miles from shore. It looked for a while as if the pounding sea would fracture every plate in the vessel's side. An American resident of Hong Kong told us he walked along the beach next morning, and saw hundreds of bodies washed ashore.

The south-east coast of China presents many peculiarities when approached from the sea. Across endless stretches of mesa or tablelands, rise bare and inaccessible peaks, sometimes solitary and dreary, while others, in clusters, are as

wild and grotesque as the Tetons of Idaho, or the Sawtooth range in the Wood River region.

Of one's fellow voyagers in the China seas by far the larger number are found to be missionaries, and they are, as a rule, not popular in the tropics, or even looked upon as desirable passengers among the officers and crew of the ocean liners which carry them there. It is claimed that they stir up discord among the natives, and that their so-called converts consist principally, if not entirely, of the coolie servants of the missionaries and a few intelligent Chinese who wish to acquire the English language and pretend conversion in order to do so without expense; on the other hand, the lives of the Europeans appear to constantly offend the creed and embarrass the efforts of the missionaries. While I was there, one of the latter published a statement in the vernacular press that nearly every European and American resident in China kept a morganatic wife, a mistress, or a slave; the latter would mean a Chinese girl purchased from her parents for two or three hundred dollars; she is then owned for life, but her duties are understood, and are not difficult or laborious.

In noting down some of the habits, customs, crimes and superstitions of the Celestial but very filthy empire, the writer has selected those which appeared best authenticated.

The Chinese disclaim any belief that women have souls, but the greatest consideration is shown to male children, as their laws compel sons to maintain their parents, and in the event of the latter's death, only a son can offer that worship at the tomb upon which their happiness in another world is supposed to depend. The girls in a family are frequently sold, and the purchase of one or more of them is usually the first investment that a fast woman makes of her own savings.

It seems scarcely credible in a nation that is known to be bloody, cruel and cold to each other, how much reverence they bestow upon parentage—parricide is their highest and most infrequent crime. This is its punishment: A laborer

named Chang came home intoxicated one day, and getting into a quarrel with his father, beat him about the legs with a wooden block. The wounds suppurated and resulted in the old man's death eleven days later. The son was sentenced to the punishment of the "36 cuts," which means to be sliced to death. A short, heavy sword with a keen edge is used, and the criminal is held but not tied; the breasts are removed first, requiring two cuts, then follow the nose, ears, fingers, calves, pieces off the thighs, hands and feet, keeping as far as possible from the citadel of life, till the poor wretch, fainting and falling on his knees, if haply the knees are yet there, and while the breath still flutters on the clenched lips, the head is struck off at a single blow, the blade enters the palpitating breast and—Chinese justice is satisfied.

Another instance: An insane boy killed his mother with an axe. His insanity was undoubted and the wretched criminal was deaf and dumb as well, but

Chinese law holds that insanity is no excuse for crime, and the unhappy murderer was cut up inch by inch.

Infanticide is commonest among the boating or river population. This class is excessively superstitious, and missionaries say that when a child belonging to them suffers from a lingering malady and recovery appears hopeless, they will put it to death, believing it to be, not their child, but a changeling, and that a demon has taken the place of their offspring for the purpose of entailing trouble and expense on them, for which they could never get any return. They also believe that if parents be seriously ill, the most effective way of curing them is for one of their children to cut a piece of flesh off its own arm or leg and administer a broth made of the flesh.

Chinese police are not rated high by resident foreigners, yet the law is very strict if they let a criminal escape. Recently a man was found guilty of what in America would be called homicide



AN ENGLISH BUNGALOW IN CHINA.

and sentenced to be strangled; he managed to escape, and the two policeman in charge of him each got one hundred lashes and three years transportation.

A shrewd politician told the writer that every massacre of Christians in China, the most recent being but five weeks old, was instigated by influential mandarins of pure blood who hoped thereby to embroil the Pekin government with foreign powers and bring about the downfall of the present alien dynasty, who are Tartars, not Chinese. The reigning family is a very ancient and warlike one, we might say, the very cream of tartar; while their prime minister, Li Hung Chang (he whom Chinese Gordon tried to kill) is—well current history knows the diplomatic ability of that old scoundrel. By the way, it was Li Hung's predecessor of whom it was said that he died without leaving an enemy behind him, having had them all beheaded prior to his departure from this vale of tears.

Hong Kong is merely an English cession from the Chinese, but a typical Anglo-Oriental port, hence, after strolling about the beautiful gardens, hills and bungalows, I visited Kowloon on the opposite side of the bay, a city devoted exclusively to Chinese gambling. I recalled a city in Japan named Yshowara, devoted exclusively to something worse.

Before taking my flight towards the Tropic of Cancer, an unclean spirit in the form of a lascar from the Mediterranean, who had evidently scoured the world much more than his person, expressed surprise on being informed that the writer, on reaching China would contemplate going up the Chu Kiang River into the interior, at least as far as Canton; the latter city, he declared of all places in the Celestial Empire, was the most dangerous for foreigners in general, and Americans in particular; at that time this Sindbad, safe in a quaint, Japanese inn at Nagasaki, sipped his mild bohea, and was quite delighted to hear of his danger somewhere else, but now that the time for action had arrived, I thought it as well to ignore the lascar's advice and not keep away from Canton, so one

evening engaged passage on a small steamboat plying on the Chu Kiang or Pearl River, and reached my destination early next morning. Chinese passengers are confined to the steerage, where a close surveillance is kept over them to prevent their access to the saloon cabin or upper decks during the passage. Stands of repeating rifles are kept in the cabin for the use of passengers, and all the officers are armed. Last year the steamer Namoa, was boarded by Chinese pirates disguised as passengers, who killed the captain and others, looted the boat, and escaped in some junks they had signaled from the shore. The Kwantung province, in which the crime occurred, took up the pursuit actively. The mandarin, the local governor, was, as usual in China, held responsible, and in a few weeks he sent in thirty subjects for the headsman. The pirate captain was known to be among the number, having been identified by two of the European passengers. My informant, who witnessed the execution, stated that twenty-five of those remaining were probably innocent, "but," he naively added, "what difference does that make in China? None whatever, my dear sir, none whatever. You see, a crime is committed against the whites in some province, thirty celestials are known to have been involved. A foreign consul demands reparation, the Pekin government holds the head mandarin responsible, the latter if fortunate secures two or three of the ringleaders, makes up the remaining number from whatever real or supposed criminals happen to be lying around loose, and sends into Canton the required quota for decapitation, everybody is satisfied and no one feels hurt, unless it be the victims, and they are never heard to complain after reaching Canton."

A more characteristic city than Canton probably does not exist in the world. Its population is not known, but is thought to be one and a half million, eighty thousand of which comprise the boating population who make their habitation and living exclusively on the water. To the writer they were the most interesting

feature of Canton. Many of their larger boats are embellished with goggle eyes in the prows, for, as they logically prove, "if no got eye, how can see? If no can see, how can go?" Numbers of the mandarin boats, notwithstanding their tinsel ornamentation and gaudy display, are finely proportioned, swift and graceful; but the most remarkable and expensively ornamented are the so-called flower boats of Canton, which are splendid with colored lanterns, carved ornaments, gilded cornices, silk flags, satin banners, and vases of brilliant flowers and flower-

most fragrant tobacco and choicest opium, foreign wines and cordials, music, song, dancing and posturing girls, all lend their aid to influence the imagination of the willing victims. The Chinese declare that no "foreign devil" has yet penetrated the mystery of these gorgeous water retreats, but who can tell what is truth that comes from their lips?

When a man of the boating class wishes to marry, he goes into some field and gathers a little sheaf of rice, which he fastens to one of his oars. When he meets the girl of his choice, he puts the



EXECUTION OF CHINESE PIRATES AT KOWLOON.

ing shrubs. Within these sit enthroned slanting-eyed delilahs, phrynes and aspasiyas. To these come all the rich debauches and fast sons of wealthy mandarins, and—basest of all—those battered rouses who, having exhausted all the fiercer pleasures and burned out within them the fuel of life—still linger around the flame. The better class of patrons come at night in covered boats and by the silent highway of the river, are safe from supervision and intrusion when once on board these floating palaces. The

oar into the water and rows several times around the boat belonging to her. The next day, if the latter accepts his homage she, in turn, fastens a bunch of flowers to her oar and rows around him. The rice in this case is an emblem of the support promised by him and the flowers of the happiness offered by her. But among the middle and upper classes more elaborate customs prevail, and columns of space would be required to describe even the more important ones. At a wedding feast of one of the latter, two cups of

wine, one sweetened, the other with bitter herbs infused in it, were drank together by the newly married pair to symbolize that henceforth they must share together life's sweet and bitter. Taste and means give the only limit to the number of wives that may be taken. White is the mourning color. The coffin is either a hollowed log or made in the shape of one; some of them being of carved ebony or sandalwood and costing upwards of five hundred dollars.

The noise arising from the boating population is as appalling as the mingled odors of a Chinese temple are overpowering. Every boatman on the move shouts to every other boatman to get out of his way. Every one of the thousand venders of rats, cats, and vegetables, stewed in soups or made into pies, hammer a small gong and yell forth their bill of fare. River barbers scull through the throng and hammer on an iron plate. Every old woman in every boat is abusing every other old woman, occasionally varying the amusement by tongue-lashing her husband or chastising one of her dozen children which are crawling about the little deck tied to gourds as life-buoys in case one falls overboard.

At times, under the rice straw canopy of a boat I saw a tiny shrine sheltering a tiny idol; its dull wooden eyes would be glaring stolidly at a sandal wood taper smouldering at its feet, and I knew that the occupants of that boat were endeavoring to appease the wrath of some river-haunting god. The poorest and meanest of all the boats were mere fragments of lumber patched together with bamboo thongs and the pitiable wretches who clung to these seemed ever on the alert and ever to have a hunting or a hunted look.

My guide that day, an intelligent Chinese, who spoke English fairly well, and whom I had christened Young Hyson, was sent after a sedan chair and four carriers to go through the main city. He thought two were sufficient but four were insisted on and furnished, my real motive being to use them as guards; the price and route were agreed upon, and some miles of progress made, when with much

chattering among themselves they set down the chair and demanded payment in advance. I promptly informed them that all my funds and even my watch had been left in care of the purser of the steamer, hence no payment could or would be made until their contract was filled and I was returned in safety to the steamer. That settled further dispute, and I had five able bodied Mongolians determined to see me through at all hazards.

Canton has been called the strangest of all cities and more Chinese than China. In it there is no street of greater width than nine feet, and no horses or vehicles. The many miles of shops have a uniform width of sixteen feet and a varying depth; the shop fronts open full width, no glass being used and nothing save the vigilant eye of the shopkeeper is there to keep away thieves. An idol in a shrine is always in evidence and when the merchant has no customer he requests the presiding deity, sometimes in strong language, to send him a few.

There are thousands of temples and pagodas, the incense from which mingled with the exhalations of the super-heated soil—a yellowish, graveyard color—the sewers, reeking streets, itinerary restaurants, opium smoking and, last but by no means least, the odor of nationality—all these combined produce a boquet that the traveler may refuse to appreciate but cannot ignore.

Their temple of horrors contains graven images representing all the phases of Chinese punishment and they are many and cruel. The yard where criminals are tortured and beheaded is open to any passer by, and I was followed in by a motley horde, many of whom were yelling "foreign devil! foreign devil" and something more, probably ribald abuse of a lower grade; they are vile in language and viler in inuendo. The execution yard is also used by potters who, on the occasion of my visit were employed in making wine jars. The blood of a criminal beheaded the day before lay in half dried pools on the ground at my feet, while large jars set against some old shedding near by, con-

tained the pickled heads of such noted criminals as they cared to keep above ground. Verily in far Cathay,

The unfenced head

Soon rests among the dead.

Looking again at the olive shaped jars I recalled vaguely Ali Baba and his forty thieves, half expecting to see the covers glide off and the grisly, distorted heads rise up and peer about. Lepers are not quarantined and that excites little surprise when we remember that the legalized commission of a great country has recently declared the dread disease to be scarcely infectious, if at all. Twice during the day leprosy thrust its gaunt and scaling arms into my face with a mute appeal or threat for charity. It was given at once, in terror of the loathsome contact.

I became hungry, having eaten nothing all day and risen at daylight. With some misgivings about Chinese food, I told Young Hyson—a better guide never dwelt in southern zones—to find a first-class restaurant and order a fish and fowl cooked in European style. Shortly after he led the way into a pretentious build-

ing where I was shown a beautiful young fowl, newly picked, and requested to select a fish from a large number swimming lazily about in a marble tank. An hour later a large tureen containing some 'hell broth' was set before me, and as the cover was removed a foul odor came up; Chinese cookery had achieved another triumph. Giving one swift glance at the horrible mess, I hastily left the place and mingled again with the seething, jabbering crowds in the narrow streets. It was now five o'clock and we turned towards the river for the last time. On the steamboat landing a settlement was made, the guide receiving one dollar and sixty cents, and the coolies forty cents each; to these amounts a small money present was added, a custom of that country, and so young Hyson and I parted, each regretting the separation, each esteeming the other, and neither regarding his friend as being among those two constantly increasing classes in the Tropic of Cancer, known as "false foreign devils and d——d Chinaman."

G. H. Snell.

TIMES AND EVENTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

V.

MAHOMET AND THE SARACENS.

ARABIA had never bent beneath the sceptre of a conqueror before the seventh century. The Egyptians, Assyrians, Macedonians, Medes and Persians, and Romans, had never counted those wild nomadic tribes among their subjects. The inhabitants of the borders had, at times, been harassed but the depths of the deserts had invariably maintained a wild and sturdy independence. From Yarab, the son of Joktan, fifth generation from Shem, the son of Noah, was derived the names *Arab* and *Arabia*, and another son of Joktan, named Jurham, founded the kingdom of Hedjaz among whom Hagar was received with her son Ishmael. The latter married a princess of the house of Jurham who bore twelve sons to him whose hand should be raised

against every man and against whom all men should be arrayed. These twelve brothers acquired dominion, over spread and conquered the whole peninsula, obliterated or absorbed all the other tribes and established the Ishmaelitic race throughout the land.

As in the British Isles, the German forests, the Scandinavian fastnesses, the vast Scythian plains, on the banks of the Danube and among the Caucasian vales, we find these ancient Arabian tribes wild, rude and clannish. Divided into separate tribes, each of which was headed by a chief, there was no limit to wars of jealous rivalry. Of these tribes the chief was the Koreish in the north and that Yeman in the south. Of a pre-siding family of the former, Mahomet was born at the city of Mecca in 570, A. D. He was early orphaned and was indebted

to his uncle Abu Taleb for his bringing up. The latter was a trader and made frequent journeys to Syria with caravans. Mahomet, though of high birth, had no fortune and thus, through the assistance of his uncle, began early to travel as a camel driver. In Syria he became acquainted with a Jewish rabbi and a Nestorian monk. From these he learned of the sacred scriptures and was forcibly impressed with the dignity of the unity of God in comparison with the idolatry of the Arabs.

At the age of twenty-five he fell into the employ of a rich widow named Cadijah and managed her affairs so well that she married him although she was about fifteen years his senior. From that time he commanded an immense fortune, but still continued for some time to travel to different points of Arabia and Syria, and to converse with Jews and Christians, escaped exiles from Roman persecution.

Mahomet was handsome and of an engaging address; his character was pure, ingenuous, true, sincere and his conduct had been so upright as to earn for himself the title of *Al Amin* or *The Faithful*; his religious inclination was very strong, and his honesty and sagacity made him frequently the chosen arbiter of the difficulties of his people.

Of an affable disposition, his behavior was respectful to the rich and powerful and kind to the poor and degraded. Among his many qualities we find that he was possessed of the gift of natural eloquence and of great courage. He had, however, received no instruction in the arts of reading or writing, but the common ignorance of his people exempted him from reproach on this head; and when, in his fortieth year, he issued from the cave (where he was wont to spend whole days together in isolated reverie and contemplation) with the chapters of the Koran, (which to that people were wonderful indeed,) his illiteracy was pointed out by contrast as a proof of the divinity of his call. He claimed that the angel Gabriel had appeared to him in the cave, displayed a silk cloth on which written characters were

inscribed and bade him read. "I do not know how to read," said Mahomet. The angel repeated the command in the name of God "who taught man the use of the pen, sheds on his soul the ray of knowledge and teaches him what before he knew not." The mind of Mahomet became instantly illuminated and he read the writing on the cloth which was afterward reproduced in the Koran. The angel then declared that Mahomet was the prophet of the only God. When Mahomet tremblingly announced the vision to Cadijah she immediately believed in his divine appointment and in three years he found himself surrounded by fourteen followers. Few were these in comparison with the many who derided and persecuted the new prophet. Chief of the latter were the uncles and other kindred of Mahomet, influential and rival families of the tribe of Koreish whose feud anti-dated the birth of the prophet and broke out afresh on every pretext. Abu Taleb, the uncle who had reared him, did not become a convert to Islamism, (the appellation of Mahomet's doctrine, signifying *Resignation to the will of God*), but he remained his devoted friend and protector. This uncle died and the confiding and loving Cadijah crossed "the river" about the same time. Their love and support was greatly missed, for almost simultaneously with their demise the irate citizens of Mecca, hardened in envy and superstition, threatened and conspired for the death of the prophet. Information was given Mahomet and he was obliged to flee for his life (622.) This flight is known as the Hegira and constitutes the era from which Mahometan date is reckoned. His friend, Abu Beker shared the flight of the prophet, and while hunted by his enemies, they covered their flight by day by entering a cave. The vengeful foes approach close to the entrance and the moment was one of imminent peril. "We are but two," remarked the trembling Abu Beker. "There is a third; it is God himself," was the trusting and reassuring reply of the prophet.

When the citizens of Mecca discontinued their search, the prophet and his

friend emerged from the cave and fled to the city of Medina.

The city of Mecca seems to have been a capital and city of resort or pilgrimage to the various tribes of Arabia. In some of these visits the citizens of Medina had been attracted by the eloquence of Mahomet's preaching and had become converts to the creed that "there is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." In two secret nocturnal meetings the deputies of the citizens of Medina made mutual stipulations of confederacy with the prophet and promised him protection and obedience in the event of his banishment from Mecca. As soon as his flight from Mecca was known he was awaited with anxiety at Medina and upon his arrival he was received by five hundred citizens who advanced to meet and welcome him as their prince and leader. From that time his success was almost assured, and as he promulgated his doctrine with the sword, victory perched upon his banner.

Mahomet died in 632 and in the same year the conquest of the entire peninsula was consummated. The conquest of Syria, (634) followed, then of Palestine in 636. Persia and Egypt were soon added, and as early as 648, the Saracens had established themselves in the states of worth in Africa as far as Tripoli as well as Cyprus, Rhodes and the islands of the Cyclades.

There was now a pause in the conquests of the Arabs. A house divided against itself is at least tottering, though it may manage to keep on its feet, and there was sore division in the house of the Mahometan Caliphate or successor of sovereignty.

Although a polygamist on an extended scale, Mahomet had not transmitted his line by male descent. Five sons and three daughters died before himself and an only daughter, Fatima, survived him and became the mother of an illustrious race. She was married to Ali, the cousin and staunch defender of the prophet and the fourth Caliph, who commanded the faithful after his death. Heretofore the office of Caliph had been elective, and Ali found a powerful rival in Moawiyah,

of the house of the Ommiades, former persecutors of the prophet. Ali was assassinated, and Moawiyah successfully establishing himself in the office of Caliph, founded the powerful dynasty of the Ommyades, and the office became henceforth hereditary.

In the east the Saracen Empire now extended to the Indies. The civil turmoil corrected, they once more enter on a series of conquests and by 711 they have conquered all the northern coast of Africa, and helped by a traitor, they cross over to Spain and conquer the enfeebled Visigoths. Thus far the victories of the Saracens had been rapid and brilliant. The degeneracy of the Greeks, the intestine discords of every European country thus far invaded, the doctrinal dissensions of the Christians and the paralysis of Latium, rendered these conquests of comparatively easy accomplishment. But the Arabs shared the faults of humanity and became proud, overbearing and arrogant as their achievements advanced. Spain conquered, they seemed to have determined the subjugation of Europe. In 732, just a century after the death of the prophet, Abd al-Rahman, the emir or lieutenant of the Caliph, crossed the Pyrenees and advanced at the head of an enormous army. Eudes, duke of Aquitaine, lost a battle against them and they soon laid Gascony and the city of Bordeaux beneath their feet. All the south of France from the mouth of the Garonne to that of the Rhone passed into the hands of the Moslems. Abd al-Rahman crossed the Dardogne and once more fought a battle with Eudes in which the latter was again conquered. The loss to the Christians in this battle was so great that their chroniclers sadly confess that "God alone could reckon the numbers of the slain." The emir overran the provinces of Aquitaine and planted his standards before the cities of Tours and Sens. The kingdom of Burgundy as far as the cities of Lyons and Besancon was subjugated and the devastations that followed in the wake of the conqueror were long preserved in the traditions of the country. The wealth of the people was promptly ap-

propriated as the spoils of war; the churches and monasteries were despoiled of their treasures then destroyed by fire, and the victory that seemed to attend the conqueror without interruption threatened to annihilate the sceptre of the cross before that of the crescent. The conquests of the Mahometans from the rock of Gibraltar to the Loire now extended over more than a thousand miles in a straight line. We will here quote an expressive paragraph from Gibbon who says: "The repetition of an equal space would have carried the Saracens to the confines of Poland and the highlands of Scotland. [Both then thoroughly barbarian and unsubdued.] The Rhine is not more impassable than the Nile or Euphrates, and the Arabian fleet might have sailed without a naval combat into the mouth of the Thames. Perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahomet."

Mahometanism would do for the elevation of the Arabians, the Turks and the Moors, and we believe that to them its doctrines were from God while in their purity and yet untainted by the interpolations of men. Mahomet was a man with human faults and eastern weakness but, though he has been almost universally dubbed the *false prophet* by the Christians, we may be allowed to dissent, at least in a measure, from this opinion. We repeat that the Koran was good for the wild, fierce tribes of Arabia Tartary, and Morocco, but the New Testament was ordained to be the standard of religion for Europe.

In France the royal dynasty of Meroveus had already degenerated to the nickname of *insensati* or idiots, and the affairs of government were ruled by officers styled Mayors of the Palace. Of these mayors, Pepin d' Heristal had virtually deposed the hereditary kings and established his own authority. His son, Charles, succeeded him and proved himself an able legislator and an active and courageous warrior, though still content with the title of Duke of Austrasia. It

may be wondered that Abd al-Rahman was not sooner checked in his career of conquest. It should be remembered that the country was divided among petty chiefs and constantly torn by their rivalry. Eudes, Duke of Aquitaine, was a formidable rival of Charles, Duke of Austrasia (afterward Charles Martel); that the pagan Bavarians, Saxons, Frisians, and Thuringians were constant invaders of the Christianized tribes on the left bank of the Rhine, and that these must be as constantly repelled. It should also be remembered that while the Duke of Aquitaine made strenuous efforts against the dreaded invader, and was twice defeated, Charles had no standing army, but relied on the loyalty of Frank chieftains who were, in a measure, independent; and it may be that his jealous spirit may not have taken hasty umbrage at the spoliation of his rival's country so long as his own was not in immediate danger.

But the conquests of the Arab had been carried far enough, the whole country cried for defense and the rebel Eudes joined with the suppliants. Charles gathered together as large a force as he could muster and surprised the enemy between Tours and Poitiers. The battle continued for seven days and during the first six the Saracens maintained their supremacy. On the seventh day, however, the onset was closer and the superior stature and strength of the Germans prevailed. Charles earned for himself the title of *Martel*, or the Hammer, similar to that of the war-god of the mythology of his forefathers. Abd al-Rahman was slain and many attributed the defeat of the Arabs to the loss of their leader. The loss of the Arabs was recorded by the Catholic monks as about three hundred and seventy-five thousand against one thousand and five hundred of the Christians, a discrepancy for which they accounted only by miraculous interference. The numbers are probably exaggerated either way.

The victory of the Franks over the Saracens was complete and final; the latter withdrew beyond the Pyrenees and never again re-crossed them or attempted the conquest of Europe. The battle of

Tours had appealed to Providence for the decision of future history, and the great appeal between the cross and the crescent had been decided in favor of the cross.

Soon after, civil dissensions again arose among the Mahometans as to who should bear, by greatest right, the title and office of Caliph. The descendants of Mahomet through his daughter Fatima (thence known as Fatimites), and those of Abbas, the uncle of the prophet, claimed equal recognition and endeavored to overthrow the Ommiades. They partially succeeded through floods of blood, but an only member of the ill-fated family escaped, fled to Spain, and was there made Caliph of Cordova (755). The Abbassides assassinated the Ommiades (with the exception mentioned) and established themselves in Asia with Bagdad as their capital (750), and the Fatimites founded in 789 the Caliphate of Morocco, which afterward became that of Cairo, rivaling in power and magnificence those of Spain and India.

In this manner the Saracenic empire rapidly disintegrated. It is but another example of the force and power of unity and the weakness and decay that inevitably accompany division. As long as the Mahometans remained united under one Caliph their success was brilliant and unprecedented; they enthusiastically followed a leader in whom their faith was unwavering. But when the one great and powerful Caliphate became divided into three, the degeneracy of power, the loss of empire, and the increase of vice were even more rapid. The world should learn this lesson from the many examples of history, for the same principle is equally applicable to all commonwealths, large and small. But, alas! it is slow to learn and the enmity between man and man is its bane today at least as much as it ever was!

The descendants of Abd al-Rahman, the Ommiade fugitive who escaped the vengeance of the Abbassides and was established in the Caliphate of Cordova, continued to exercise that authority for more than two hundred years, and the Saracens were not expelled from Spain before the fifteenth century, when this

was finally accomplished by the vigorous and continued efforts of Ferdinand and Isabella. We would refer the reader to the works of Washington Irving for much interesting history and romance of the Moors in Spain; the legends of the Alhambra and traditions bearing upon their conquest of the Visigoths and their expulsion by the Catholics. Foremost in celebrity among the Abbasside Caliphs of Bagdad is Haroun Al Raschid, well known to juvenile readers as the hero of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments (768-809). He conquered the Byzantine empire as far as the Hellespont, and he was the friend and ally of Charlemagne. He was a patron of learning and his name would have been held honorable in history, but for the terrible massacre of the Barmecides. His son, Al Mamoun, was even more renowned as the friend of art and learning, and we will recognize him as at the head of the body of men who attempted to force an opening into the Great Pyramid by which a real passage was discovered for the benefit of future explorers.

Motassem, the eighth of the Abbasside Caliphs, committed an act which proved fatal not only to the glory of his house but of his nation. The courage and vigor of the Arabians had fallen to decay in the midst of the oriental luxury by which they were surrounded, their intermingling with servile crowds of Persians, Syrians and Egyptians and in the gentler pursuits of letters and the arts. Like the Romans, they became too indolent for the toil of arms and employed mercenary armies from the more vigorous north. Thousands of Turkish youths from Tartary were either purchased or taken captives in war, brought within the dominion of the Caliph and educated in field exercises and the profession of Mahometanism. Motassem was very fond of these foreigners and introduced fifty thousand of them into the capital as guards. The slaves took advantage of the bloody tragedies and anarchy of the throne, deposed the Caliphs, and became their substitutes. They had already established themselves as governors of the provinces and had obtained

power and ascendancy by almost imperceptible degrees. Chief of the new dynasties that arose on the ruin of the Abasides was the Gaznevide which adopted the new title of *Sultan*. These invited their compatriots from the north, the nomadic Turcomans, to share their country and were the first to become subjugated by their guests. The dynasty formed by this revolt is known as the Seldjoukide from their leader Seldjouk, to whose grandson, Togrul Beg, the temporal power of all the Moslems was delegated by the Caliph Caiem and the annihilation of the dominion of the Arab race was thus thoroughly consummated (1058).

We will reserve the history of the Crusades in connection with the Moslems for a separate chapter and now merely glance at the wealth, the state of civilization and the intellectual advancement of the Saracens.

When the Caliph Omar conducted the siege of Jerusalem, he was mounted on a camel and carried a bag of corn, a bag of dates and a leathern bottle of water, which he freely offered to those whom he met. A Persian satrap who came to pay him homage found him asleep among the beggars on the steps of the mosque of Medina. His predecessor, Abu Beker, required three pieces of gold, a camel and a slave and at the end of each week he distributed the residue of his own and the public wealth, first to the most worthy, then to the most indigent of Musselmans. Yet Omar assigned to Abbas, the uncle of the prophet, an allowance of twenty-five thousand pieces of silver and to his soldiers from fifty to five thousand pieces of silver according to their various merits or seniority. This unselfishness and consideration was in the early days of Mahometanism for Abu Beker and Omar were the personal friends and companions of the prophet.

Later: Al Mamoun gave away at one time two million four hundred thousand dinars, "before he drew his foot from the stirrup," and at his nuptials a thousand pearls of largest size were showered upon the head of the bride. His state officers,

who were his favorite slaves, stood near him arrayed in splendid apparel, and wearing belts that glittered with gold and gems. Seven thousand eunuchs waited upon him, and seven hundred porters and doorkeepers served in his palace. Superb barges decorated the Tigris. In the palace were hung up thirty-eight thousand pieces of tapestry, and of these twelve thousand five hundred were of silk, embroidered with gold; while on the floors were laid twenty-two thousand carpets. A hundred lions were kept and each one had a keeper. A tree of gold and silver spread out eighteen branches upon which were perched various birds of the same precious metals, and the machinery that caused the tree to vibrate caused also the birds to sing natural melodies.

This magnificence was equaled if not exceeded by that of the west where the Omniades reigned. Abd al-Rahman had a palace built three miles from Cordova, in honor of his favorite sultana, which occupied twenty-five years and required more than three million sterling for its erection. It was sustained by twelve hundred columns of marble brought from the shores of Greece, Italy and Africa. A hall in the building where the Caliph held audiences "was encrusted with gold and pearls," and one of its fountains flowed with pure quicksilver instead of water. The seraglio of Abd al-Rahman, his wives and eunuchs, numbered six thousand three hundred persons and the belts and scimitars of his guards (twelve thousand horse) were brilliant with gold. And yet this Abd al-Rahman made this memorandum which was found after his death:

"I have now reigned about fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honor, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of genuine and pure happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to *fourteen*. O man! place not thy confidence in this present world!"

In the reign of Almanzar a spirit of intellectual development began to manifest itself, but it is to Al Mamoun that the greatest credit is due for the brilliant civilization of the Saracens. He sent agents to Constantinople, Armenia, Syria and Egypt to collect volumes of Greek science and philosophy, and had them translated into the Arabic language, and the people were encouraged to these studies by the Caliph. This zeal was continued on the eastern Caliphate and imitated by the Spanish and Egyptian rivals. A fine college was erected and endowed at Badgad, and the youth of all degrees from the prince to the son of the mechanic was encouraged to reap the benefits of its instruction; an allowance was even made to the indigent who wished to attend. The royal library at Egypt contained one hundred thousand splendidly bound volumes which were unsparingly lent to all students of Cairo. Seventy public libraries existed in Spain, the principal of which contained six hundred thousand volumes. Most of these, it is true, were of but temporary and local interest—theological theories, morals, commentaries, etc; there were also the speculation and literature of Greece, and the sciences of astronomy, physics,

mathematics and natural philosophy. The era of Moslem intellectual elevation lasted about five hundred years and was, in point of time, the same period as that of the dark ages in Europe.

We owe much to the Saracens for the propagation of the sciences of geometry and algebra, and for the origin of medicine and chemistry. Of the errors which they pursued we may mention the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, alchemy and astrology. There were observatories at Bagdad and Samarcand, and some very fine calculations were made considering the absence of telescopes and the erroneous system of Ptolemy. For lack of space we will refer the curious reader to some more complete history (e. g. Gibbon's History of the Saracens, or Irving's Life of Mahomet) for an explanation of the religious doctrines of Mahomet and the contents of the Koran.

Ruby Lamont.

ANGER manages everything badly.—*Studius.*

YOUNG authors give their brains much exercise and little food.—*Joubert.*

IF we cultivate a habit of attention, it will become natural.—*R. Hall.*

NIGHT AND SADNESS.

There's a sigh in the bosom of night,
 There's a gloom in the ambient air,
 And the roses are lifting their dewy heads
 For a sight of the daylight fair;
 Are raising their heads to the balmy breath
 Of the breezes that whisper there.

There's a sigh in the scented air
 As it brushes the cheek of the rose,
 Like a lover's breath as he sings to his dear
 Ere her wearied eyelids close,
 Ere the daisy cups in the meadows fair
 Have sunk to their deep repose.

O that now were the violets bright,
 That their petals were covered with bloom!
 O would that the darkness spread into the night,
 The darkness that speaks of the tomb,
 Would blanch to the light of the new-born day,
 And depart with the sadness and gloom!

Laertes.

PERSEVERANCE.

WE may place the quality of perseverance as one among many other excellent qualities which we should cultivate. We will not accomplish much without it. If we wish to progress in this world, we must possess firmness and perseverance. It is said of Richard Burke, that when found in deep meditation, after listening to one of his brother's splendid speeches in Parliament, he excused himself by saying; "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talent of the family, but now I remember when we were at play he was at work." The natural talents of Richard Burke were scarcely inferior to those of the great statesman, but while the one sleeps in Westminster Abbey, and is held in grateful remembrance by his country, the other never attained to eminence, and is wholly forgotten. And why? Because he lacked perseverance, that power of application which develops the faculties of mind and body, and trains them to the successful performance of their allotted tasks.

When the natural genius is of an inferior order, perseverance will frequently supply the deficiency, and the boy, ridiculed for his slowness, if constant in application and earnest in his work, will outstrip more brilliant but less industrious competitors. It is with such a spirit as this that the workman should address himself to his work, of whatever character it may be.

When the great violinist, Giardine, was asked how long it would take to learn to play the violin he replied, "Twelve hours a day for twenty years together." Thus we see it would take a great deal of perseverance to gain the point by those who would work in that line.

It is said of the spider that if he breaks his web twenty times, twenty times he will mend it. The battle is not to the strong nor the race to the swift, but to the one that endureth to the end.

Sidney Smith says there is but one method, whereby a man may attain excellence, and that is by hard work, and a man who will not pay that price for distinction, had better never attempt to

gain it. We should never permit ourselves to retrograde. Continual progression is the characteristic of true Latter-day Saints.

A poet says, "If a young person will begin and persevere in learning by heart say four lines of good poetry every day, there will be laid up in the treasure-house of memory one thousand four hundred and sixty lines in a year." This holds true of facts and various kinds of information. All things are done little by little. The greatest fortunes consist of cents. Life is made up of moments, and a life of well-spent moments makes a well-spent life.

When Sir Robert Peel was a little boy his father used to place him on a table and teach him to make short speeches. While still very young he accustomed him to repeat as much of the Sunday's sermon as he could recollect. At first the boy found some difficulty, and could not tell much of the sermon, but he steadily persevered, and soon attention and perseverance were rewarded, and he was able to repeat the remarks almost word for word. It was in this way that he began to cultivate those powers of memory which he displayed so brilliantly in after life. He became one of the most distinguished statesmen of Great Britain.

Once a French author showed his perseverance while shut up in a dungeon with neither pen, ink, or writing paper, but he managed to write out a considerable treatise on natural history, which, on his release, he had published. He was allowed a light, and some books and newspapers. He made ink from the candle snuffings, and the margins of books and papers served him for notes, while his pen was only a sharpened stick. It is probable that he did not waste words in his writing, but that his statements were as concise as he could well make them, before he put them down. It certainly shows how much can be accomplished under most unfavorable circumstances.

Turning our eyes in another direction, we may look at the life of the Savior. Who can show greater perseverance than

he did? He is the example to the world, and in all His noble life we see those characteristics which will always make their possessors good and great.

Then we may take the prophet Joseph Smith, who through the power of God commenced this great and mighty work, in this age of the world, never more to be thrown down or given to another people. He showed his perseverance in being true to the principles of the Gospel and in the progress he made in the work through all the trials and difficulties which were laid before him.

There are many others whose lives we may remember with profit, if we choose to do so. We as young people ought to

study the principles of the gospel, that when called upon to give a reason for the hope that is within us, we may do so in a satisfactory way. We should be thankful to our Heavenly Father that we have been permitted to come forth in this age of the world and be partakers of the gospel. Let us ask ourselves this question, "What are we here for?" We can answer it by repeating the same words that our Savior said while here upon this earth, "I am not here to do my own will, but the will of the Father that sent me."

C. V. Hansen.

Bad as any government may be, it is seldom worse than anarchy.—Æsop.

ZION FAVORED OF THE LORD.

"The day has come for the Lord to favor Zion."—*President Woodruff at the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple.*

Lo, Zion's sun, in radiant splendor rising,
 Dispers the darkness of retreating night,
 Its welcome sheen, the shades surprising,
 Tints city, mount and vale with golden light.

The Saints, by thousands to their Temple streaming,
 Hosannahs to the God of Heaven shout;
 Their souls rejoice, with sunlit union beaming,
 Nor heed the howl of Satan's storm without.

Hark but the joy their rising peals are swelling!
 Join, Saint beyond, bound soul of every age.
 The favor of the Lord, in Zion dwelling,
 Is manifest, as seen by ancient sage:*

For them the wilderness shall sing,
 The desert blossom as the rose;
 The Lord, Jehovah, be their King,
 And wield the sceptre o'er their foes.

Like hart their lame shall leap for joy,
 The deaf for speech, the blind for gleams;
 Nor drought the thirsty lands annoy,
 On weary grounds be gushing streams.

A highway plain shall guide the feet
 Of ransomed throngs from every land;
 In swelling numbers see them meet,
 The olive branch of peace in hand.

Their light is come for e'er to glow,
 Its sheen the kings and Gentiles hail;
 To them abounding favors flow
 Like rills whose waters never fail.

Edward H. Anderson.

*Isaiah, chapter xxxv.

THE CULTURE OF MIND LIFE.

II. •

MIND NATURE.—Let it be understood that for our present purpose we shall use the words, *spirit*, *soul* and *mind* as synonymous terms, in accordance with the language of divine revelation. In the book of Job we are told that "There is a *spirit* in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." In Isaiah we read—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose *mind* is stayed on Thee." From Christ we have the question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own *soul*?"

Here are three representative teachers—Job, Isaiah, and Christ—who speak to us in the philosophy of the Gospel; and in our treatment of the question of mind nature we shall carefully follow such guidance as distinguished from the philosophy of the school. Scholastic treatises, speculations and endlessly conflicting doctrines and interpretations of the mind, abound. Sometimes under the broader study of metaphysics, at other times under the distinctive treatment of psychology.

On the plane of unaided human thought, from Aristotle to Herbert Spencer, we have a long line of speculative thinkers, traditional philosophers, and of mental scientists. They are differently grouped as metaphysicians, materialists, idealists, pantheists, monists and psychological evolutionists. A sufficient evidence indeed of the interest that has always been taken in the question of mind nature.

Up to the time of Lord Bacon metaphysics may be said to have been the most commanding study of the old world, but with the birth of modern science, physics came to the front and with the key of the inductive method, the *novum organum* of Lord Bacon, such brilliant and marvelous achievements have been made in every department of natural science, that have resulted in nothing short of a very deification of natural causes; but after all this is but an illustration of the frequent oscillation of the human mind between extremes as well in practical life as in philosophical thought.

The claims of mental science have already reasserted themselves, and what we may call the more rational interpretation of mind nature, is finding its advocates amongst the foremost thinkers of our time. We cite as a striking instance of this a passage from George Ticknor Curtis: "The great want of this age is the prosecution of the inquiry into the nature of the human mind as an organic structure, regarded as such. It seems to me that the whole mission of science is now perverted by a wrong aim, which is to find out the external to the neglect of the internal—to make all explanation terminate in the laws of the physical universe, and go aside from the examination of the spiritual world. If we would know the mind we must reach the conviction that there is a mind; and this conviction can be reached only by penetrating through the externals, through the physical organism, through the diversities of race, through the environment of matter until we have reached and found the soul." These are the equally wise and brave words of a celebrated American lawyer whose penetrative judgment saw clearly some of the most serious tendencies of modern science.

The error specially referred to in the above quotation is that of the manifest drift of the evolutionists towards materialism, the error of explaining from the standpoint of matter the spiritual development of mind. In our present state and under our present conditions, mind and matter are separated by a gulf we cannot bridge: it is therefore a fruitless task to attempt to explain the effects of mind in the terms of matter. Our wisest course is to confine our researches to each field separately first of all, afterwards to such of their mutual relations as are possible to us: but to attempt an extraction of psychology from physiological studies is equally irrational and absurd. Nevertheless, in recent years, men of distinguished abilities as scientists have openly defended the position that thought is just as much a secretion of the brain as bile is of the liver. As though mentality was a kind of stuff which can

be heaped up. No less a writer than Professor Clifford speaks of a "mind-stuff" in all matter which is imperceptible in the inorganic state, but which when aggregated in certain ways reveals itself in mental products.

Truly—"How marvelous are the works of the Lord. * * * And how blind and impenetrable are the understandings of the children of men; for they will not seek wisdom, neither do they desire that she should rule over them."*

Most surely materialism, in all its forms, fails utterly to explain the wondrous facts of our mind life. There is one clear and incisive statement of Christ that cuts to the root of the error—"That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit." Likewise our martyred prophet, in one brief passage, covers the ground of such errors when he says, "Looking at the question philosophically, we shall find a very material difference between the body and spirit—the spirit is substance more pure, elastic, and refined than the body, it can exist in the body and will exist separate from the body, when the body will be mouldering in the dust, and will in the resurrection be again united with it." This clearness of statement has its basis in the wider truth of the Gospel—the pre-existence of the human soul; and it is this fullness of divine revelation that gives the Gospel student a very marked vantage ground above and beyond anything attainable by human intelligence alone.

Earnest thinkers in all ages have searched into and tried to define mind nature, the books that have been written thereon would require the life-time of a Methuselah to read, and yet the problem is unsolved. We open the pages of a recent work entitled, "Metaphysics, a Study in First Principles," in which we find the following statements—"The central point of psychology is the doctrine of the soul. It is indeed the central point of all philosophy and science. For knowledge in general assumes the trustworthiness of the knowing power. What-

ever throws discredit on this discredits knowledge itself. But not every theory of the soul is consistent with trust in knowledge. The chief debate about the soul concerns its reality. The true question is whether the soul be substantial or non-substantial, a true thing or merely a function of material activities."

Well might any Agnostic student of humanity cry in very bitterness of despair—O God! if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul, from such a Tantalus, from such an eternal round of an eternal contradiction.

Seriously to have the questions raised. "Is the soul substantial or non-substantial—is it a true thing or a function of something else?" forces a still further question—Is it true that, according to an old sarcasm, when metaphysics is being discussed, teacher and learner can only put on a look of wisdom and pretend to a mutual understanding, but really have no precise idea what they would be at with all their high sounding phrases?

It is of commanding interest at this point to observe, that along the entire line of divine revelation, from the patriarchal age to this fullness of time, every announcement has absolutely and necessarily implied and postulated, as an unquestionable verity, the existence of a rational soul in man. The Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants are a three-fold witness to the truth that the soul of man is an organized spiritual intelligence, having had an existence from the beginning with the Father.

In the prophet Joseph's translation of the Mosaic account of the creation we read—"for I the Lord God, created all things spiritually before they were naturally upon the face of the earth. And I the Lord God, had created all the children of men, in heaven created I them." No student of the Gospel is a stranger to the clearness and completeness of the doctrine here enunciated—the doctrine of a living, thinking and feeling soul—what Ticknor Curtis felt to be the want of this age, the study of the human mind as an organic structure, is here unfolded in the Gospel of the Res-

* Mosiah viii, 20.

toration; an organized spiritual structure in the very highest sense of reality. "Now the Lord had shown unto me Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these were many of the noble and great ones; and God saw these souls that they were good, and He stood in the midst of them, and He said, These I will make my rulers; for He stood among those that were spirits, and He said unto me, Abraham, thou art one of them, thou wast chosen before thou was born." "We came to this earth that we might have a body and present it pure before God in the celestial kingdom." These are revelations that have reached us through Joseph Smith, the prophet of this dispensation, and they are in perfect agreement with the Hebrew Scriptures of the Old Testament and very strikingly so if we take the Septuagint translation of Deuteronomy xxxii, 8, 9. "When the Most High divided the nations, when He separated the sons of Adam, He set the bounds of the nations *according to the number of the angels of God*. And His people Jacob became the portion of the Lord. Israel was the line of His inheritance." If language means anything, then by direct and unquestionable implication the infinite hosts of Israel had co-ordinate existence with vast hosts of other spirits, here designated the angels of God.

There have been good men in all ages who, in the language of St. Paul, have been seekers after God, if haply they might feel after Him. Such men as Frederick Von Schlegel, who indeed felt after the truth of man's spiritual organization. In his philosophy of life he writes—"That the rational soul distinguishes man from the brutes is a remark common and trite enough. But this is only one aspect of the matter: and must we always cast our looks downwards and never upwards? What I mean is this—supposing that there are other created spirits and finite intelligences, besides men, might not the comparison of their purely spiritual organization with man's serve to elucidate the distinctive properties of the human mind in that other aspect which is too com-

monly neglected? Men think too much of the lower and forget the spiritual and higher nature with which heaven has so richly endowed us." That which was merely a supposition to Frederick Von Schlegel, to the faith of the Latter-day Saints is a clear and consolatory fact, a far-reaching fact, and a fact which becomes the best possible key to the psychological problems of our time. Honest thinkers who have not the Gospel, nevertheless struggle unwittingly to express the truth of the Gospel; they feel the difficulty of dealing with the origin of the soul—for example—Professor Bowne, of Boston University, in his "Psychology" says, "So far as we may speak in terms of space, we should say, not that God produces souls in an outside region and then puts them in bodies, but where and when the order of things which He has adopted as the norm of His action calls for it, there and then a soul begins its existence." Whilst thoroughly appreciating the scholarly work of Professor Bowne, we feel it just to say that this passage as a psychological statement falls seriously short of the divine reality.

Whilst therefore we hold that the soul is a heavenly visitant to an earthly temple, we as strictly begin with its birth into time and to the material conditions of its time life and expect its development to proceed with that of the body, just as though we were strangers to the truth of its pre-existence. To us the incarnation of our Lord has a profound interest in this regard. We know He came from the Father and He went to the Father: this we hold as a precious truth in common with all Christian thinkers. So we, too, have come from our Father, and like our Elder Brother, Christ, we may grow in wisdom as in stature. He is our perfect example and was so perfectly, at every stage of His natural growth. His psychology was perfect. He knew Himself as the Son of God—knew perfectly all the glory He had with His Father before the world was. He knew perfectly what was in man—He could read the thoughts both of His enemies and His friends.

Yes! "the child Christ grew and waxed

strong in spirit, filled with wisdom." We have already said that the development of the soul proceeds with that of the body—not that the soul is ever half-made, we mean that the unfolding of the soul's powers is conditioned by the growth of the organism of the body and proceeds parallel with it. As to its nature, therefore, we affirm that the human mind is an organic structure—an organized spiritual intelligence, dwelling in the body as in an earthly temple; and that the mind life is a growth from within, not a material substance, or a sum of physical activities to be increased from without.

It is as great a truth in psychology as in Divinity. "The kingdom of heaven is within you"—So the profoundest depths of mental philosophy are within the soul: the outer manifestations of the life are great, but the wondrous internal vitality is infinitely greater.

It is beautiful to behold a fine specimen of architecture, in which all the parts are in perfect unison, but it is intensely more interesting to realize the marvelous structure of the human mind. But mind life has a much closer resemblance and affinity to natural objects

which live and grow, than to any lifeless edifice of stone. A stately tree, nobly and beautifully spreading out on all sides in its many arms and branches; as such a tree strikes the passing glance, it may appear an irregular and unfinished whole; but to the botanist it is a perfect structure, wonderful in its symmetry, minutely regular in the organization of all its parts. In the same way will the ever growing tree of mind life appear when it is regarded as a unified life, divinely rich in wondrous capacities and powers, and endlessly expansive in fruitfulness of thought and emotion.

Let the truth of the mind's unity—the soul's undivided living personality, be well thought of, and it shall be as a rock—as a solid foundation to rest upon, amidst the ever shifting and drifting sand banks of the speculative theories and opinions of men. It is alike the truth of reason, revelation and experience.

In our next we shall deal with mind functions from the standpoint of the mind's unity.

J. Whiteley.

B. Y. Academy, Provo.

(To be continued.)

FRUITS MEDICINALLY CONSIDERED.

THE products of the field and garden were designed to serve as food for man. The "Fruits" of the trees is spoken of in the Old Testament as an important part of the food that the Creator had supplied for the early inhabitants of the earth. Today we read of the "medicinal properties" of fruit as if there were some elements in apples, pears, grapes, oranges, etc., that made them part of the druggist's stock in trade. The truth of the matter is that people at large do not eat fruit as they should, do not make it a part of their daily diet in a rational fashion, and consequently suffer from many forms of functional disturbance. One of our medical contemporaries thus summarizes the uses of fruits in relieving diseased conditions of the body: It should not be understood that edible

fruits exert direct medicinal effects. They simply encourage the natural processes by which the several remedial processes which they aid are brought about. Under the category of laxatives, oranges, figs, tamarinds, prunes, mulberries, dates, nectarines and plums may be included; pomegranates, cranberries, blackberries, sumac berries, dewberries, raspberries, barberries, quinces, pears, wild cherries, and medlars are astringent; grapes, peaches, strawberries, wortleberries, prickly pears, black currants, and melon seeds are diuretics; gooseberries, red and white currants, pumpkins and melons are refrigerants; and lemons, limes and apples are refrigerants and stomachic sedatives. Taken in the early morning, an orange acts very decidedly as a laxative, sometimes amounting to a purgative, and

may generally be relied on. Pomegranates are very astringent, and relieve relaxed throat and uvula. The bark of the root, in the form of a decoction, is a good anthelmintic, especially obnoxious to tapeworm. Figs, split open, form excellent poultices for boils and small abscesses. Strawberries and lemons, locally applied, are of some service in the removal of tartar from the teeth.

Apples are corrective, useful in nausea, and even sea sickness and the vomiting of pregnancy. They immediately relieve the nausea due to smoking. Bitter almonds contain hydrocyanic acid, and are useful in simple cough; but they frequently produce a sort of urticaria or nettle rash. The persimmon or diospyros is palatable when ripe, but the green fruit is highly astringent, containing much tannin, and is used in diarrhoea and incipient dysentery. The oil or milk of cocoanut has been recommended as a substitute for cod liver oil, and is much used in Germany for phthisis. Barberries are very agreeable to fever patients in the form of a drink. Dutch medlars are astringent and not very palatable. Grapes and raisins are nutritive and demulcent, and very grateful in the sick chamber. A so-called "grape-cure" has been much lauded for the treatment of congestions of the liver and stomach, enlarged spleen, scrofula, tuberculosis, etc. Nothing is allowed but water and bread and several pounds of grapes per diem. Quince seeds are demulcent and astringent; boiled in water they make an excellent soothing and sedative lotion in inflammatory diseases of the eyes and eyelids.

The effects of fruit-eating are hygienic rather than "medicinal," but it is to be understood that discretion is to be observed in the use of fruits as well as in the use of any good thing. *Selected.*

TWO WOMEN.

This true incident carries its own moral for all women, poor as well as rich.

A widow was left with three children to support, absolutely penniless, and with no talent which she could turn to account except a fine voice, which had

been carefully trained in elocution. Last summer she visited one of the watering-places, giving readings in the parlors of the hotel. It was left to the generosity of the guests to give as much or as little for the entertainment as they pleased. They chose to give little.

When the proceeds were handed to Mrs. P., she found that she could not even pay her expenses. At the bottom of the little heap of small change, however, was a folded paper that proved to be a check for one hundred dollars, signed by the daughter of a wealthy gentleman in New York.

Mrs. P. hesitated a moment, and then asked to be shown to the lady's room. She found her to be a very young, gay girl.

"I must return you this money," she said. "You gave it from excited feeling. You may regret it tomorrow."

"No. I have heard your history. Do you think I know no other use for money than dress and jewelry?" said the child, half-indignantly.

But, because she was almost a child, Mrs. P. was resolute. "Take it. If in six months—by Christmas—you have not changed your mind, I will accept it," she said.

The winter was a hard one. Christmas Day found the woman and her children nearly destitute. She had almost forgotten the impulsive young girl. But on Christmas morning the check came.

Since then the widow had gone from town to village, from city to city, with her one poor little talent, striving to keep her babies alive. If she could clear five dollars by a long journey and a week's work, she was content.

At last came failure, want, hunger. One day, a few weeks ago, starvation seemed imminent. There was but one place to turn. She knelt and asked God to send the children bread. An hour later, the carrier left a letter at the door, and in it was a second check from the same giver.

God, we think, held the hearts of both women that day in His hand.

Anger makes men witty, but it keeps them poor.—*Queen Elizabeth.*

THE CONTRIBUTOR

PUBLISHED BY

The Contributor Company.

SALT LAKE CITY, - - AUGUST, 1893.

A WORD TO THOSE WHO ARE IN DEBT.

THE present unexpected stringency in money matters has found the majority of the Latter-day Saints in a position that they are unable to pay their obligations. However good the security behind their notes may be, it is impossible for them to realize upon the same in cash to pay their debts. Such a stress in money matters has never been known in this Territory, and what the final outcome will be it is impossible for any man to foretell. That some of our people will suffer great loss through the enforcing of collections, there is no doubt, and ruin may be the result in some cases.

Let those who are in financial distress, however, be comforted and encouraged, for if they are faithful the Lord will permit nothing to happen in their affairs but what will result eventually to their good. He will not leave His faithful Saints alone, nor fail to hear their prayers, and though we may be surrounded with dark clouds, and financial disaster may overtake us, there will be bright sunshine again to greet us in the future, if we retain our faith and courage. Let us not, therefore, become disheartened and lose faith, nor give up in the struggle for life and prosperity.

We should be faithful in observing the requirements of the Gospel in every particular as far as God gives us strength and ability, and even if bankruptcy and forced sales result from the present financial closeness, we should never repudiate an honest debt, nor feel relieved of an obligation, even after having yielded all our property to meet our debts, if the means thus obtained are not sufficient to fully pay the same. So long as we owe a dollar we should be determined to pay it, if the Lord gives us the strength and ability to earn it.

This is the general feeling that prevails among the Latter-day Saints and which makes their credit second to none in all the world. Their credit being so good with non-residents of Utah, those who hold their obligations in the Territory should not feel concerned about them, unless they are themselves in distress, for the brethren who have lived in this country and helped to make it, are not going to run away and leave their debts unpaid. They are men who will continue to live and make money, and people can afford to trust and not crowd them unnecessarily for the means which under ordinary circumstances they could obtain, but cannot now secure under any consideration. Let forbearance be the characteristic of the creditor, and energy and faith be qualities of the debtor, and it will not be long before financial relief will come to the Latter-day Saints in these mountains.

A SUGGESTION.

IT HAS been the worthy boast of the Latter-day Saints ever since they settled this territory and adjoining states and territories that a greater proportion of them owned the homes in which they lived than any other people of equal numbers and in similar circumstances. This condition is one which the Saints should seek to perpetuate, for they can never fulfill their destiny with the work of God if they are a migrating and unsettled people. True we have changed our residence as a Church since the organization oftener than any other people in a like period of time, but this was made necessary because of the persecutions of those who opposed us; yet, with all our changes in location, our love for our early homes has not diminished, and we even look forward to the time when we shall, under the blessings of God, be permitted to re-occupy the lands of Jackson County, Missouri, from which we were exiled.

The thought of returning to the Center Stake of Zion should not, however, make us in the least dissatisfied with our present location, or cause us to feel indifferent as to our possessions in these mountains, for this part of the country,

no less than Jackson County, is Zion, and this certainly is the mountain of the Lord's house. We are established and expect to remain here. We will have in this land our temples and receive our blessings; hence, the necessity that we should firmly establish here our homes and own our inheritances.

The real estate boom which afflicted some parts of our territory a few years ago, threatened to change our condition very much in respect to the ownership of our homes. The tempting offers that were made to some of our people caused them to part with their lands, which they had in numerous instances owned for many years. In other cases the temptation was so great that it was only people with strong resolutions, who could resist the offers made. The receiving of money for their property by some of the people was not profitable, for instead of re-investing their cash in other real estate, they too frequently indulged in speculation, whereby they lost the greater portion, if not the whole of the money they had received. Besides this, extravagant ideas were engendered, thus involving many of the Saints in debt, from which it will be very difficult for them to escape. Money also was so comparatively easy to be obtained, that many of the people placed mortgages upon their homes, some of which will end only with foreclosure.

Now, the advice and suggestion which we think it will be profitable for the Saints to follow, is that they obtain, each for himself and his family, a piece of ground unencumbered, and which is to be held as a sacred inheritance. Under no circumstances should this home be sold, unless with the view to acting under counsel in obtaining some other place in Zion where circumstances will be more favorable to the family.

If men cannot trust themselves to thus hold their homes free from encumbrance, it might be well for them to place the property in the hands of their wives, who will certainly have an interest in seeing that it is preserved for the sake of themselves and their families.

Every young man should be ambitious

to acquire, early in life, a home of his own, not extravagantly or luxuriously built and furnished, but a spot which is his own, and which he and his partner can spend their spare time in beautifying. The feeling should not be encouraged, which is now prevalent among the young men, that they must have a home before marriage. While this is desirable, when it can be accomplished, it should not be a bar to that union of the sexes which is so desirable in this Church, when young men and women reach a certain age and are endowed with certain qualifications. Where a young man is possessed with energy and industry he should not hesitate to ask a young woman to share his lot with him and together build a home for themselves, but as soon as possible every family should acquire the title to a home which they can permanently call their own.

Aside from all considerations of comfort and convenience, investments in real estate are bound to be profitable in a country such as ours. In fact there is scarcely any other direction in which investments are likely to bring better returns than in the purchase and holding of real estate. Our suggestion therefore is, that for the future welfare of the Latter-day Saints in every respect, that they maintain their credit of owning the homes in which they live, that they may thus become firmly established, and while we welcome people of all nations to our midst, we should not sell out to them our entire possessions, and make of ourselves wanderers in the land which God has so abundantly blessed for our sustenance.

TO YOUNG MEN.

IN THE days of the empire in France, it was the proud boast of the nation that a marshal's baton was in the knapsack of every soldier. In this land and in these days we have a grander and a prouder boast. No marshal's baton encircles the empire of our possibilities and no imperial whim makes the boundaries beyond which we may not aim. In our higher civilization and more perfect government, we are the creators of our

positions. No accidental circumstances of birth or conditions bar our ambitions. We are equal in citizenship, and in the realization of life's rewards, one man is successful beyond the other only in so much as he makes himself. All fields are open and the harvest is to the one who works most diligently and industriously. In the land where our lot is cast we enjoy advantages that to others are lost, but these very advantages are but the fruits of the brain and the brawn of our fathers and ourselves, who in an enlightened administration of the laws, have crystalized their wisdom and their experiences.

We enjoy rare privileges that others do not. Ours is the heritage of a glorious past and a present that is ever up and ready for the future. We are something more than mere workers, we toil through the early years that our ambition may bear us fruit, and bring us honor and a competence when the shadows will have begun to grow lengthened. There is an individual ambition in us that makes us the peer of any people on the globe. We are not content to set our lives out working in the footstools of others. The mechanic aims to be a master, the painter an artist, the clerk a merchant, the laborer that he may gain recognition, and as it is physically so it is intellectually. In the march of progress we must keep pace with the leaders or fall back into a mediocrity that is entirely inconsistent with the spirit of our young men.

The drones, however, are few indeed in the high positions of honor and trust, filled with men not yet in the zenith of their lives, in the well-filled classes in which young men and woman spend their hours in study, in the libraries that are patronized to their full capacity, and even in the humblest home, there is evidence that the parents and their sons and daughters realize that mind is the ruling power in this newer and greater world. We have passed the ruder stages of our civilization and what best fits a man to grapple with living issues, what best enables him to discern improvement, to suggest inventions, to cope with others whose only capital is brains, that is what tells in life, and the more varied the ac-

complishments, the greater the possibilities. In this connection we would suggest to young men and strongly recommend the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. There is no field of either mental or physical activity which it does not cover. It is the critical labor of the best scholars, a compilation of history, the story of the achievements of ages, a panorama in which scenes are brought up filled with information that no college course can give. It is an education in itself. No man needs any other library, no man could have a better one, and under the remarkable introductory offer now made for a short time by the Utah Britannica Company, Salt Lake City, any young man can easily become the possessor of this great library.

It is very desirable if such can be accomplished by the Associations, that this valuable set of books should form a part of the library, thus giving every member an opportunity to gain information therefrom on every conceivable subject.

UPS AND DOWNS IN LIFE.—There was a comic picture in a magazine a few years ago that represented the world with a board across the top, making a see-saw. On one end was a poor man in rags, while on the other was a jolly looking fellow holding a large bag of gold. Of course, they could not stay in the same position, and so the rich man and the poor one would alternately change places. Is not this a very good representation of the ups and downs of life? In these uncertain times, the man who is rolling in luxury may in an hour be reduced to penury.

Again, a poor man may be just as easily raised by a stroke of good fortune to a position of affluence. No one can be certain from day to day that his social position will be the same. A great many, while up in the world, forget that there is any other side of life, and never give a thought to the poor and suffering around them until, perhaps, they are reduced to the same level. Then they see what the reverse side of life is, and think of the past regretfully.

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

ANTHEM.

ELSIE BOOTH.

L. D. EDWARDS.

Andante.

Introduction.

Solo Alto.

Our Fath - er in hea - ven be - fore Thee we bend, In

earn - est de - vo - tion our prayers now as - cend.

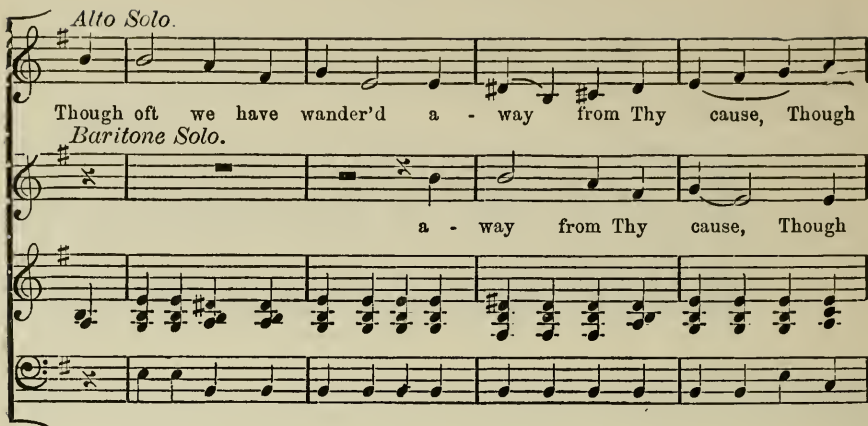
Quartette.

Organ play voice parts.

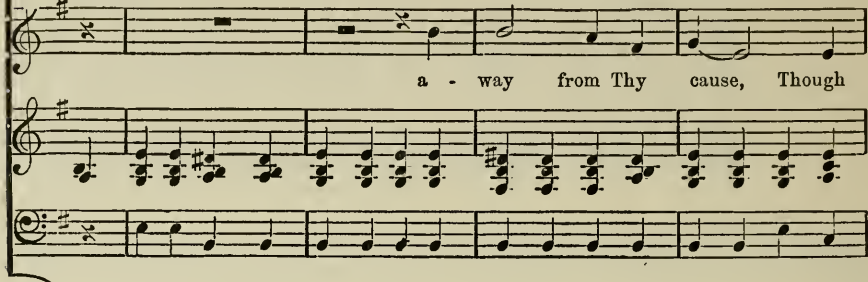
With hearts that are con - trite we ask Thee to meet, To -

day with Thy child - ren at this mer - cy seat.

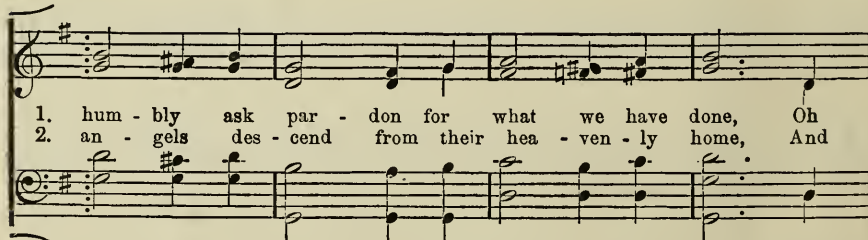
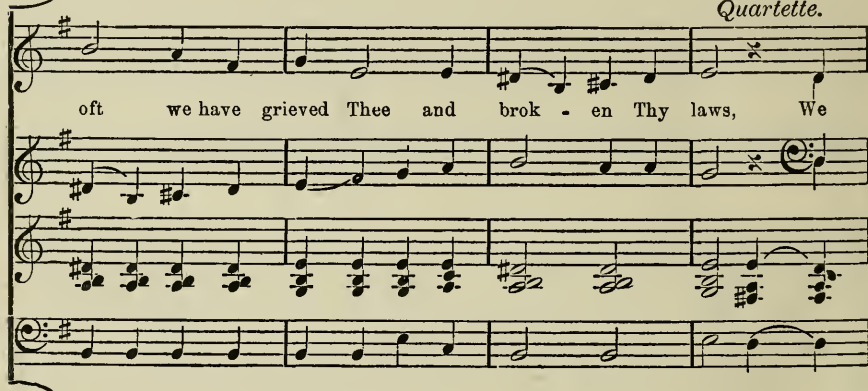
Alto Solo.



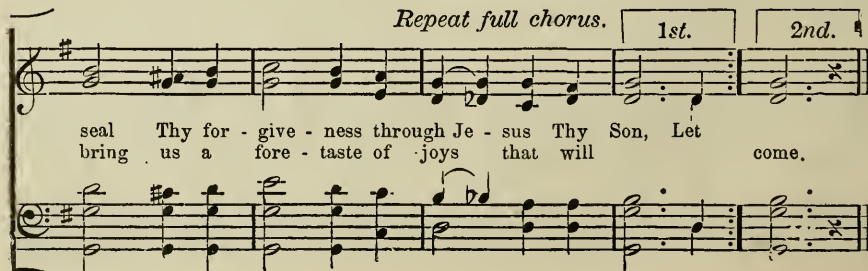
Baritone Solo.



Quartette.



Repeat full chorus.



Interlude. Andante Legato.

Andante.

Soprano.

And while we are joy - fully ban - queting

here on spir - it - ual feasts in an - gel - ic - al

cheer, This tem - ple of tem - ples we now de-di-

2nd Soli Tenor.

This tem - ple of tem - ples we now de-di-

ate, This grand - est of tem - ples we now con - se -

This system contains the first four staves of music. The vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor) are on the top three staves, and the piano accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "ate, This grand - est of tem - ples we now con - se -".

crate, *Allo.* Oh Fath - er most ho - ly, Oh Fath - er most

This system contains the next four staves of music. The lyrics are: "crate, *Allo.* Oh Fath - er most ho - ly, Oh Fath - er most".

ho - ly ac - cept in the name of Je - sus Thy

This system contains the final four staves of music on this page. The lyrics are: "ho - ly ac - cept in the name of Je - sus Thy".

Son, This tem - ple of fame, This tem - ple of fame

rit.

CHORUS.

May our sup - pli - ca - tions as - cend up to

May our, May our suppli - ca - tions as - cend, as - cend up to
May our sup - pli - ca - tions as - cend up to

May our, may our suppli - ca - tions as - cend, as - cend up to

hea - ven, send man - i - fes - ta - tions that

send man-i - fes - ta-tions, send man-i - fes - ta - tions that
heav'n to heav'n send man - i - fes - ta - tions that

heav'n to heav'n send man-i - fes - ta-tions, send man-i - fes - ta - tions that

we - are for - giv - en, Ac - cept of this offer - ing in the
we are for-giv-en that we are for-giv'n,

name of Thy Son, And say to Thy chil - dren my

and say to Thy chil - dren.

ser - vants well , And say to Thy chil - dren my

my servants well done, well done, and say, and say to Thy chil - dren my

ser - vants well done, A - men. A - men.

servants, my servants well done.

 UTAH.

What ho! great nation—see, before thy gates
 A princess subject in suppliance waits;
 Laden with gifts her arms; her garment's hems
 Are sewn with silver and with precious gems;
 Such wealth her native province rightful claims
 The wildest visions of Golconda shames;
 How long—oh, nation, wilt thou bid her wait?
 Rouse! and receive her as becomes her state!

I. X. I. O. N.

Dr. Price's
Cream
Baking Powder

MOST PERFECT MADE.

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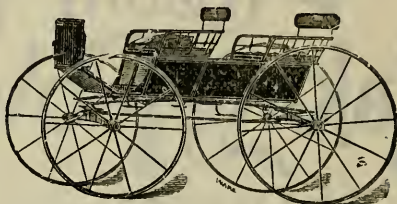
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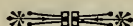
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THE

Contributor Magazine

1893-4. Volume Fifteen. 1893-4.



We take great pleasure in promising those who favor us with their kind patronage for

VOLUME FIFTEEN

The following special features. The writers of these articles are so well known as to assure us of the excellence of their productions.

PRESIDENT MOSES THATCHER has kindly consented to furnish, providing his health will permit, a series of papers on

THE ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS,

In which he will give suggestions which will be of the greatest value to all progressive Saints of both sexes and all ages. If conditions are favorable he has also kindly consented to prepare some articles on his

FIRST MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE,

When, as a mere boy, he was sent out to preach the Gospel, and gained in his labors the favor of the Lord and the full approval of his co-laborers. Also something concerning his

OBSERVATIONS IN MEXICO,

In which country he later performed so successful a mission.

One of Zion's ablest teachers and writers, ELDER N. L. NELSON, of the B. Y. Academy, will prepare a series of articles on the subject of

PREACHING and PREACHING,

In which this very important subject will be discussed in a manner to impart valuable instruction to all public speakers.

PROF. WILLARD DONE (LAERTES), of the Salt Lake L. D. S. College, has kindly consented to write a historical romance, entitled,

LA GIRONDE:

A Story of the French Revolution,

Which will afford interest and instruction to all our readers.

PROF. W. J. KERR, of the Utah University, has made a special trip to Cornell College to gather data for a series of articles on

MATHEMATICAL SCIENCE,

IN FIVE OR SIX PAPERS.

I. and II. **OUTLINE OF MATHEMATICAL SCIENCE.** (a) Origin and nature of mathematical science, viewed as a whole.

(b.) Fundamental divisions of the science, with something of the origin, nature, development, logical relation, and comparative value of the various branches.

III. **LOGIC OF MATHEMATICS.** "In this later day we pride ourselves on our laboratories, in which the pupil comes face to face with the facts and forces of nature—every mathematical recitation-room under an able teacher, is a laboratory in logic, and for sound logic there is always an unlimited demand."—*Professor Jones.*

Value of mathematics as a means of intellectual training and culture.

IV. **UTILITY OF MATHEMATICS IN THE INVESTIGATION OF NATURE.**—(1) Geography; (2) Physics; (3) Astronomy; (4) Chemistry.

V. **UTILITY OF MATHEMATICS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ARTS.**—(1) Surveying; (2) Architecture; (3) Fortification; (4) Navigation; (5) Railroad and Mining Engineering; (6) Aqueducts; (7) Mechanical Engineering: Machines, Instruments, Inventions.

Articles I, II, IV, and V will be illustrated.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY MISCELLANIES,

By HON. FRANK J. CANNON, consisting of a series of articles from the pen of this brilliant young journalist, which will be a source of great information to our readers.

SCIENCE AND MORMONISM,

Will be the title to a series of papers by PROF. GEORGE F. PHILLIPS, the able instructor in our Church School System, in which he will show the harmony of Science with the religion of the Latter-day Saints.

An Art Student's Experience and Observations in Paris,

Will be the title of a series of articles by our own artist, JOHN HAFEN, who will narrate from what he saw and heard in the French metropolis much that will prove of great value to the youth.

DR. M. H. HARDY, whose efficient and almost constant labors in the Associations enable him to judge of their necessities and make wise suggestions, will contribute a number of VALUABLE PAPERS on subjects connected with the M. I. A. work.

M. I. A. PRACTICAL WORK,

Will be the title to articles by PROF. GEO. H. BRIMHALL, than whom no person among us is more able to prepare valuable matter.

ALL MATTERS of interest pertaining either to the local or general MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS will find place in our columns, and in order to make this department one of general profit, we solicit information on all matters which will be of interest to our young people.

RAMBLINGS AROUND THE WORLD,

By G. H. SNELL, will be continued for the interest and instruction of our readers.

SISTER M. M. JOHNSON, who has written under the *nom de plume* of RUBY LAMONT, will provide some valuable

HISTORICAL PAPERS,

Each of which will be complete in itself, but the whole of them covering a vast field.

THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT

Will be given special attention. Original and selected pieces, specially adapted for the Associations, will be issued monthly. This department will be under the direct supervision of ELDER GEORGE D. PYPER.

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We may also count among our writers for the coming volume, who will write upon such topics as the times may suggest:

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Also many articles will appear from our gifted authors upon almost every interesting subject, while space will be given to the productions of those who are but amateurs in literary work, but whose talents will yet shine in the midst of Zion.

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